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Maclean's

AUGUST 4, 1980

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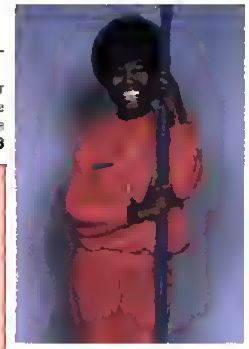


Irrelevant at the last

He was always something of a cipher despite his claimed descent from Darius the Great But when he died on Sunday at 60 Iran's ex-shah had become irrelevant **Page 21**

A feminist belittled

Singer Joan Armatrading prefers not to be called a feminist She may have a worse moniker to contend with in Japan where she's going, she says "to see all the little people" **Page 28**







COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN WILLER/MACLEANS

COVER STORY

Here come the tourists

As an expected record 42.5 million visitors pour into the country this year bringing with them badly needed foreign currency and speaking a proliferation of languages, the modern-day discovery of Canada is only just beginning Goodbye to the massive travel deficit of the past; hello to the Japanese, French, Italians, West Germans and all the others "from away" Question is, can we get them to come back? **Page 34**



A city under siege

As athletes at the XXII Olympiad in Moscow strive to break records daily politicians who are manoeuvring to score their own kind of points don't lag very far behind **Page 27**

Troubled waters for oil

When Pierre Trudeau and Peter Lougheed met last week to determine a Canadian oil price, the betting was they would succeed But in the end they didn't even come close **Page 13**

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Editorial

A view from the bridge is my love of the land



By Peter C. Newman

A tourist explosion is attracting foreign holidayers determined to enjoy the Canadian summer (page 34). Vacations are a personal time, the chance to live out winter fantasies and refresh the psyche away from the pressures of work, worry and the British North America Act. My own favorite diversion for the past decade or so has been to take my boat on a meandering nautical prowl around Quinte. It's a rock-ribbed peninsula of secluded anchorages and sun-washed villages where the gentle swells of Lake Ontario become the more purposeful currents of the St. Lawrence River.

Here, in the peaceable kingdom of Quinte's Isle, I annually rediscover a lost civilization. This is Prince Edward County, whose citizens are ruled by sustaining loyalties to things as they were. Jim Plomer (a newcomer who has lived here only 16 years) observes: "People here are divided into those who have been out of the county and those who haven't." It's a postcard paradise inhabited by rural philosophers such as Bob Davis, who spent four years handcrafting an exquisite 12-metre keteb called Kindly Light but seldom sails her out of Picton Bay. Blue heron and tern the color of burnished brass patrol the luminous dusk as we tie up for the night. I notice a clearly bicentennial American tourist, aboard a large Christ-Craft, aim her cleavage at a couple of snickering boys down from Trenton to pick raspberries at Meadowcrest Farm.

Just how quintessentially Canadian Quinte really is was particularly noticeable this season, because my wife, Camilla, and I had crossed Lake Ontario to spend July 4 at Sodus Bay, a tiny harbor-resort in northern New York state. A squad of legionnaires presented arms with real rifles as the assembled picnickers sang *America the Beautiful*. Frank Horton, the local congressman, then delivered a rousing, Reagan-like harangue, ending with the assurance that "the people are strong. If we can just get the government off our backs . . . that's all we need." Picton's July 1 celebration had been much more subdued, including such traditional country pastimes as a taffy pull and a strawberry festival.

No magic can compare with sailing up Adolphus Reach to tie up at the Prince Edward Yacht Club. It must be the world's friendliest and least formal yacht club. I recall seeing the word "protocol" only once in its monthly bulletins, when the then-commodore (a Picton hardware merchant) ordered that "effective immediately, no one will be admitted to Saturday night dances without shoes on."

For a slightly jaded Toronto editor, my visit to Quinte's Isle proved once again that the proper domain for nationalistic pride is not politics but love of the land itself.

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Poker at the end of a gun

By Wayne Skene

Perhaps it was an omen for the Lougheed government. Media experience had established it, the Lalonde-Leitch round of preliminary confrontations confirmed it. Now Peter Lougheed's own government was discovering it—that Alberta and its leaders were seen as tough and unyielding the gunfighters of Canadian politics.

In the very week that the Alberta premier arrived in Ottawa to begin the historic oil-pricing poker game with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, an Alberta government public affairs report claiming the goverment had a bed image was leaked to the *Edmonton Journal*. The report said people were beginning to believe that the Lougheed government was cynical about the Opposition, complacent toward criticism and arrogant. More than 32,000 of Alberta's public employees—members of the Alberta Union of Provincial Employees (AUPE)—couldn't have agreed more. As Lougheed squared off with Trudeau, an estimated 3,000 members of the AUPE, from jail guards to computer operators, had launched a wildcat strike over the government's tough wage guidelines and the provincial law that denies public servants the right to strike—in effect, making all provincial employees essential for the smooth operation of the province. The walkout began simply enough when 186 liquor-board workers hit the bricks after wage talks broke down. But it gained speed when 1,000 guards from nine provincial jails, health-care workers, law courts staff and computer operators also went out, so the Lougheed team moved into action. RCMP officers replaced the jail guards, who were seeking increases of $400 a month—parity with their B.C. counterparts. Personnel Minister Greg Stevans let it be known that if the guards didn't return quickly to the bargaining table they could find themselves sitting in their own jails. "Political bullshit," retorted AUPE spokesman Bill Finn. "Scare tactics and sabre-rattling." Stevens moved to binding arbitration and then received court injunctions ordering the illegal picketers back to work. When the court orders were disobeyed, six of the guards were selected, found guilty of civil contempt of court and fined $1,000 each.



KARIUM/UPC

Strikers' government complacency to critics

After three weeks of illegal walkouts, media harangues and courtroom dramatics, the two central issues—the stiff wage guidelines and the right to strike—remained untouched. "There has been absolutely no talk [in cabinet] of changing the act," Stevens maintained. "It is the law." On the other hand, the elimination of the guidelines, not entirely unlike a royal pardon, is still a matter of cabinet agreement. The wage guidelines of six to seven per cent were originally established in 1978, when wage settlements averaged 6.4 per cent a year, inflation nine per cent and corporate profits 27.4 per cent. The guidelines were in keeping with Lougheed's belief that "control of the public sector wage was the key to budget restraint and spending by all levels of government." Less than a year later, the Lougheed government voted itself a 47-per-cent increase in salary. "And they call us irresponsible in our demands," cried Bill Finn. In defence of the 47-per-cent hike, provincial Treasurer Lou Hyndman maintained that comparing MLAs' salaries to public servants' wages was like comparing apples and oranges—an Alberta version of "let them eat cake," as one union official put it. For this latest round of negotiations with the AUPE, government wage guidelines have been revised to between 7.5 and nine per cent.

But the real thorn in the AUPE paw has been the tough Public Service Employee Relations Act, forbidding public employees from striking. In 1977 the Canadian Labour Congress filed a complaint with the International Labour Organization over the act. The ILO censured the government and asked it to restrict the act to only those employees involved in essential services, "in the strictest sense." AUPE lawyers tried to contest the constitutionality of the act before Chief Justice William Sinclair, hoping the courts would find that the act violates international labor conventions ratified by the Canadian government. Justice Sinclair ruled last week that the act did not, in fact, violate any international convention.

With a 74-out-of-79-seat majority in the legislature, the Lougheed government knows it can afford to act tough with its public employees. But the public relations fallout may be severe, since the government continues to rack up annual budgetary surpluses, diverts almost one-third of its oil and gas income into its Heritage Trust Fund and allocates $75 million for artificial waterfalls, homecoming teams and painted Easter eggs in celebration of the province's 75th birthday party.

The fact is that 42 per cent of the province's employees earn less than $14,000 a year, a figure below the province's own poverty line for a family of four. Some of the province's employees are the lowest-paid provincial workers west of Quebec. But the threatening spectre of "excessive" public-sector wage increases remains well subdued. Enthusiastic talk of a province-wide walkout by AUPE's 32,000 provincial employees has been silenced by the $1,000 fines. At week's end, beleaguered union officials asked striking clerical workers to go back to work, a sign that renewed negotiations may not be far behind. In Alberta collective bargaining, as in poker, the fellow with the chips can pretty much raise the stakes until everyone has to drop out of the game.

Wayne Skene is *Maclean's* correspondent in Edmonton.



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As if two languages weren't enough

By Abraham Rotstein

The negotiations for a new constitution seem headed for a grinding halt in the fall. Not only are the talks bedevilled by an enormous agenda and an absurdly short time frame, they don't share a common language of discourse. I suspect that the three leading protagonists, Pierre Trudeau, Peter Lougheed and René Lévesque, are talking past each other because they are speaking three different languages, that is, using the same words to mean quite different things. A trilingual glossary beside your TV set might come in handy, particularly since there is no button yet to focus the sound as sharply as you can focus their visual images.

Take for example an apparently simple and straightforward word such as "individuals." What does Trudeau, as a start, mean by "individuals?" Individuals have, first and foremost, inalienable rights—civil rights, language rights, rights to free expression, rights to share in this country's abundance and so on. As the prime minister stated recently, his objective in the constitutional talks is to protect the rights of individuals, not governments. Governments are those sinister agencies standing in the wings liable to subvert these individual rights if we turn our heads away for a moment. So when you hear Trudeau say "individuals," imagine on your TV screen an elaborate parchment scroll with a long list of rights.



'Trudeau, Lougheed and Lévesque are talking past each other . . .'

For Lougheed, "individuals" means something else again. They have, first and foremost, inalienable grievances. Alberta man is born, not exactly in original sin, but in the womb of complaints, injuries and injustices which give meaning and a true spark to his existence. The individual exists by virtue of the dart board that he confronts, clearly visible and up-front. Governments in turn fall into two polar extremes, the local ones who organize the dart game and keep the arsenal well stocked, and the national one at which you fire away. If you don't feel the "grievances" in your gut, truly, deeply and irrevocably, you're off the team. So when Lougheed next says "individuals," sketch in on your TV screen the dart team limbering up for another round at the eastern dart board.

For Lévesque, "individuals" are barely visible on their own and dissolve into the larger whole. Individuals are the small tiles that fit together in the larger mosaic of "the nation." The whole is immeasurably greater and more significant than the sum of its parts—the famous "collectivity." The "collectivity" is suspended midway between siege and utopia. In the future, the collectivity has a rendezvous with history, as he stated on referendum night. In the present, it is in a state of siege—the ever larger and more threatening waves of the English language, of North American business, of the banks and of Ottawa's encroachments and double-dealing. The Quebec government is the ordained vehicle to move the collectivity from the state of siege to the promised land. So when Lévesque next says "individuals," just flash back onto your TV screen the scene from Paul Sauvé arena on referendum night—an electric unity, a total commitment and a strangely un-Canadian exhilaration and oneness of purpose.

Take a further example, an even simpler word such as "land." For Albertans, "land" has powerful overtones and is cast in the mould of the original homestead. They claim untrammelled jurisdiction not only to the surface territory but also to what lies beneath (oil) and what flies above (communications). The political game is still the same as it was in the old days—to thwart the officious and parasitic tax collector (Ottawa). Cultural survival is still a fragile and "elitist" issue. Multinationals, who have most of the oil and gas sewn up, are included in the family as fellow homesteaders—even though they are slated to cart away the lion's share of any projected oil price increase (about half). In their compulsive land-fixation, Albertans remain politically one-dimensional: just put up the "no trespassing" signs and keep the powder dry!

To Quebec nationalists, "land" is the base on which a whole social, historical and cultural edifice sits. "La patrie" (translate: the ancestral home) is not one-dimensional and resonates in many directions. The "nation" is held together on its land and should have the room to breathe and flourish in all possible dimensions that make for self-determination. "Land" is the underpinning for a whole social topography.

"Land" is as unimportant to Trudeau as it is crucial for the others. It is the arena, however, in which a three-ring circus is going full force. The contending factions include regions, ethnic communities, native peoples, stubborn populists, emotional nationalists and declining and rising industries.

This world of a hundred tugs and pulls has only one magic answer—federalism. The prime minister, as ringmaster extraordinary, has to marshal some co-ordinated high-wire act out of such low-level, self-interested politics. It is an objective devoid of any real content of its own. More solid issues such as cultural survival and foreign control of the economy are still overlaid with suspicion—residual throwbacks to that old Adam, the nation-state. Recall this triumphant sentence of the prime minister's speech on referendum night: "We are not the last colonials on earth, but rather the first among people to free themselves from the old world of nation-states."

These are the three official languages of the constitutional talks called, respectively, liberalism, populism and Quebec nationalism. Can three such different languages find happiness and fulfilment in a new constitution? Why not? A new constitution is simply designed to assure individuals a measure of peace, order and good government in their own land. Right? Right.

Abraham Rotstein is a professor in the department of political economy, University of Toronto

An insider's snip at censorship

Bernardo Bertolucci, at 39, is one of the most accomplished directors of the young generation in Italian cinema. A published and honored poet at 20, he made his first film at 22, won prizes and critical acclaim with Before the Revolution *before he was 25 and settled into directorial stardom with* The Conformist *when he was barely 30. Since then, hits such as* Last Tango in Paris, 1900 *and* Luna *have secured his reputation, shocking some, irritating others, but pleasing many more—and giving him a strong taste of censorship. Brought to Canada recently by the National Film Board for professional workshops and a retrospective, Bertolucci spoke with free-lance writer Wayne Grigsby in Montreal.*

Maclnan's: *You've had your troubles with censorship.* Last Tango in Paris *was banned completely in your own country and* Luna *had its problems too, notably in Ontario. How do you feel about being censored?*

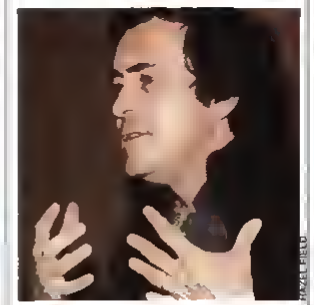
Bertolucci. It depends which kind of censorship we're talking about. There's the kind of censorship that sometimes kills movies, like they did in Italy with *Last Tango in Paris*. It will never be shown in Italy. It was condemned to be burned. Sometimes that kind of direct censorship, instead of killing, tortures a movie, castrates a movie. Like they did with *Luna* in Ontario, cutting a few metres here, a few metres there. They cut the moment when the hand of the mother goes on the sex of the son, touching him. From what I understand they tried to make the cut as short as they could, but now the scene is much worse. It makes it seem as if something more terrible happens. [Then] there's the censorship of the marketplace. That's a censorship that hits even before a movie is born.

Maclean's: *Films that don't get made because it's felt they won't be commercial?*

Bertolucci: Yes. And that's very short-sighted, narrow-minded. Even commercial cinema needs different kinds of experiences, otherwise it will die. Cinema has to be fed with cinema. Sometimes younger, unknown directors give new ideas for big commercial movies. The old American tycoons knew that. They used to promote new experiences. But there's still another, more subtle kind of censorship, self-censorship. It's difficult to define self-censorship. When I realise I'm censoring myself, I'm able to avoid it, but sometimes I am not conscious of it, because it's something your subconscious manages to systematize.

Maclean's: *An actor who doesn't do certain things, or won't try certain roles because he's afraid it won't work, or feels he can't do it—is that self-censorship?*

Bertolucci: Oh yes. This is a kind of self-censorship that is especially a part of the star system. Very few stars would have the courage to play the character of the mother, Caterina, in *Luna* [played by Jill Clayburgh].



'Maybe the whole community is wrong'

Maclean's: *What would you say to a community, like Toronto, that is very sensitive to the whole issue of sexuality and the young because there have been cases of sexual abuse, rape and even murder of young people? That creates very strong pressures for censorship in order to protect the young.*

Bertolucci: This is the *grande équivoque*, the big ambiguity. I think there must be a kind of . . . I don't want to use the word censorship, which I hate . . . a kind of protection of minors. There must be. That's very important. But when a person is a grown-up, I think he has the right to see all he wants to see, even if he is a super-perverted person. Otherwise, where is freedom?

Maclean's: *If I turned to you and said, "I don't want that kind of freedom because I feel it's going to lead to more cases of abuse . . ."*

Bertolucci: If somebody doesn't want this kind of freedom, it is very simple, he doesn't go to see the movie. But I don't think any movie caused those attacks. Porno movies are about girls with big tits and deep throats. Why is *Luna* cut and not the films with violence? You see, in general, censorship is much more active against movies that are transgressive in a serious way. That's why censorship exists—to stop people from seeing movies that push us to think about life, about the hardness of life.

Maclean's: *If a community had a referendum or took a vote and still said, "We don't want that film," how would you argue?*

Bertolucci: Let's turn it this way. If, in 1936, the whole Italian nation was convinced to go to Spain to help Franco, and to support Mussolini, how could you think that the few people resisting fascism were wrong? It's the same thing. Maybe the whole community is wrong.

Maclean's: *You've worked with Robert DeNiro, Marlon Brando, Jill Clayburgh and Donald Sutherland in films you've made. Are there differences between North American and European actors?*

Bertolucci: I think they are different, not from European actors, but from what they are like when they are shooting in the United States. They allow themselves different things. Maybe it's the atmosphere of the crew, the atmosphere of the shooting. For example, with Marlon Brando, before I asked him to do the movie [*Last Tango*] and right through to the last day of shooting, people asked me, "Are you sure?" It was just before *The Godfather* came out, and everybody was saying he was fat and old and fed up. I found him to be one of the easiest actors I ever worked with. Maybe because, coming onto my set, he found some excitement in doing something a bit different from what he was used to. Maybe because his character, Paul, was being built in a way much closer to the *cinéma direct canadien* style [a personal documentary style introduced to Canada by the National Film Board in the mid '50s—somewhat like cinéma vérité] than the actor's studio.

Maclean's: *Let's imagine for a second that I'm a 10-year-old kid. I come to you and I say, "What do you do, what's your job on the film?" How would you describe it?*

Bertolucci: I would say I am the captain of a pirate boat. I say pirate boat because that is the feeling. You get on the boat, you know where you're leaving from, but I don't know where I'm going. That's why it's so exciting to make a movie. It's terrific. Like on a pirate boat I always try to attack, to see the excitement.

Dateline: Nairobi

African tragedy





Famine victims in Uganda, drought in Ethiopia (below) millions will die

By Brian Jeffries

Several times a week Sister Rosetta and students from the remote mission school at Kaabong in arid northeastern Uganda perform a gruesome task. They spread out in nearby fields and search the bush for the bloated bodies of children and adults who have died of starvation. Those corpses that are already decaying are doused with kerosene and burned where they lie. The rest are wrapped in white sheets and carried back to the mission where they are buried, two or three together, in unmarked graves.

"Our cemetery is becoming full," says the 35-year-old Italian nun as she surveys more than 15 fresh graves. "More people have died here in the past two months than in the previous 20 years. Yet, if we had transport and medical facilities we could save many of these people."

More than 1,500 km away at a makeshift refugee transit camp on the Somali-Ethiopian border at Tug Wajale, Abdi Dualh tells why he fled to safety in Somalia with his six children from the war in Ethiopia's Ogaden region. "Ethiopian soldiers attacked my village and I hid with my children in the bush," he says. "When I crept back I found my wife killed, so I ran away with my children." The family faces a bleak future. There are already 1.5 million war refugees in Somalia, more than one for every three indigenous Somalis. There is not enough food and medicine for their needs. As a result, thousands have already died and hundreds more join them every week.

Seven years after famine claimed the lives of a quarter of a million people in the Sahelian drought in West Africa, the continent is again faced by a disaster of huge proportions. This time it is East Africa that is bearing the brunt. Food experts estimate that more than 60 million people will experience prolonged hunger this year in a string of nations stretching from the Red Sea to the South African border. Thousands have already died and hundreds of thousands are considered in immediate danger if emergency supplies do not reach them quickly. All, to some extent, are victims of drought which is endemic in Africa. But 2.5 million are refugees from prolonged and indecisive conflicts in Chad and the Ethiopian provinces of Ogaden and Eritrea as well as civil strife in Uganda. They have sought safety in pitifully overcrowded and unsanitary camps in Sudan, Ethiopia, Djibouti and Somalia. Equally disturbing is the fact that over the past 10 years Africa has become the world's hungriest continent, with the population expanding three times faster than food production. Of the 29 hungriest nations classified by the UN's Food and Agricultural Organization, 23 are in Africa.

In Uganda's desolate northeastern Karamoja region, man and the elements have combined to create an area of stark and unremitting horror in this African tragedy. The war that toppled Idi Amin 16 months ago prevented crops being planted. At the same time the armory in the town of Moroto was looted of 12,000 automatic weapons and a million rounds of ammunition. Much of it found its way into the hands of traditionally warring tribesmen who made the transition from spears to Russian AK47 automatic rifles in one bound. They have since laid waste the region, burning, killing and cornering most of the food supplies as they go.

Some 400,000 people in the region face starvation. Successive Ugandan governments have done nothing to restore order, and corrupt officials in the capital of Kampala, 300 km away, have stolen international relief supplies and sold them at enormous profit to themselves. Says Melissa Wells, the head of the UN Development Program in Uganda, "Just by adding up the figures from each church mission station we know at least 100 people are being buried every day. But there's no way of telling how many other people just die of starvation in the bush before making it to food distribution centres." Some relief workers estimate that deaths are running at 500 a day and predict the situation can only get worse because of the continuing bloody chaos in the region.

In Somalia, the continuing war for the Ogaden region between Somali-backed guerrillas and Ethiopian troops backed by Cuban forces has created the worst refugee problem in the world. As a result of what appears to be a deliberate bid by the Ethiopians to drive all Somali-speakers from the region, 1.5 million refugees have flooded into Somalia. Some 700,000, nearly all of them women and children, are being cared for in 25 government camps. The rest are nomadic groups who have crossed the border with their cattle and are roaming the country in search of food. Relief workers fear that they may be joined by up to 100,000 more by the end of the year. They warn that there will be mass starvation unless the world provides 80,000 tons of food before September to feed the victims of a relentless war.

In Ethiopia itself, nine of the nation's 14 provinces have been declared drought areas and the government claims that five million face starvation. But UN officials consider that figure to be highly inflated. They estimate that perhaps one million face famine and that 150,000 tons of grain together with other relief supplies are urgently needed to avert disaster. The Marxist rulers of the nation have good reason to exaggerate their difficulties. It was a massive famine in Ethiopia in 1973 that gave impetus to the revolution that toppled Emperor Haile Selassie.

Some one million refugees from Eritrea—where secessionist guerrillas are fighting a war stretching back 17 years—and from northern Uganda have also flooded into Sudan. The Sudanese government recently called an international conference in Khartoum at which it urgently appealed for aid to cater to their needs and also feed its own people.

Drought and a combination of poor storage facilities, lack of planning, inadequate distribution and low government prices for vital agricultural crops have created food shortages in a string of other East African states, including Kenya, Tanzania, Zambia and Zimbabwe.

Robert Kitchen, the chief UN official in Kenya, estimates that the region is still about 1.2 million tons short of grain. So far, there has been no internationally co-ordinated response to Africa's pleas for help, such as that which greeted the tragedy of the Vietnamese boat people and Cambodia's refugees. Many Africans hoped that the recent meeting of the UN's World Food Council in Tanzania would help stir the conscience of the world. But they came away disappointed. Complained one Zambian delegate: "It was all words. We concluded this was more of a talking shop than a serious meeting to solve world hunger."

Neither does the future look any more hopeful with Africa's population rapidly outstripping food production. The result is that the average African is today eating 10 per cent less food than he did in 1970. Says Kitchen: "The food situation is as bad as it has ever been, and deteriorating. From the Red Sea south this area is on a collision course with disaster." Even if African nations are able to rapidly and dramatically overhaul their agricultural systems, predict some food experts, millions will die because they will be unable to find enough to eat before the impact is felt. ◇



Summertime and the lickin' is easy



Old-fashioned pleasure; Jimmy Christine MacKay (above): sensual, visual and fun

When Laura Creaky moved from Toronto to Calgary in the late 1950s, a dour eastern friend warned her there was nothing to do in the foothills city. "It'll take you 10 minutes to see all of Calgary," he said. "After that, your best bet is to drive to Cochrane for an ice-cream cone."

More than two decades later, Calgary is abustle with the diversions of a boom city, but thousands of city slickers are still heading out through the countryside to Cochrane for the old-fashioned pleasures of an ice-cream cone. It has become, for Calgarians, as traditional a rite as the annual Calgary Stampede.

On a sunny Sunday afternoon, the tiny community half an hour's drive northwest of Calgary is as quiet as a country graveyard. All except the two-block-long main street. There, the sidewalks are thronged with strollers licking ice-cream cones. The grassy verge bordering the pavement is littered with reclining bodies, relishing ice cream. In cars, parked bumper to bumper on both sides of the street, more people eat ice cream. The not yet served are lined up patiently in front of MacKay's, purveyors of ice cream since 1948.

There is only one subject of conversation in the queue of customers trickling out the door and melting down the street. What flavor today? A 10-year-old asks his parents. "What about cinnamon apple?" He studies the posted flavors a while longer, then decides for chocolate chip. By the time the family has inched to the order counter where four women are scooping swiftly, the boy has made his final, final decision—blue raspberry, a shocking, electric blue concoction only a kid could stomach. Three shirtless young men behind him, nursing Saturday night hangovers, have been through the same exquisite agony of indecision. They lean to the hair of the dog that bit them—champagne, crème de menthe, Jamaica Rum.

Jimmy MacKay is the ice-cream maker who earned Cochrane mention in such a prestigious guide as Fodor's Canada. He spends Sunday afternoons sprinting around the store, yanking empty ice-cream barrels out of freezers and replacing them with full ones. His clerks—"We could sure use another two"—scoop cones and wrap boxes in layers of newspapers for taking back to Calgary. Above the cash register, Saran-wrapped to protect electric circuits against ice-cream drippy fingers, are three maps, peppered with colored pins depicting the home towns of customers over the years. They have come from South America, Australia, Africa, even the Soviet Union, for MacKay's ice cream.

MacKay got into the business entirely by accident. He took over Cochrane's general store—dry goods and groceries—in 1946, just in time to get hit with slumping sales caused by a small town's exodus to big-city shopping centres. Then MacKay bought an ice-cream cabinet, ordered up four flavors of ice cream from a dairy and was in the business.

In 1948 he started making his own ice cream. Today, he has 50 flavors on scoop, but delights in inventing new flavors that customers consider impossible. "A pregnant lady wanted dill pickle. I made it by stirring in pickle juice. It went over rather well." Another bizarre request was for chicken noodle. MacKay used chicken broth for flavor. "She packed it off to Winnipeg. I haven't heard from her since."

Chocolate, vanilla, strawberry and maple walnut—in that order—remained the favorites from the first. But MacKay notices special preferences. People over 40 love maple walnut. Indians and Pakistanis opt for mango. Maritimers come for grapenut, made with the breakfast cereal. "Eight scoops was the biggest I ever made," says MacKay's wife, Christina. "It was for a little, skinny kid, all legs, no fat."

Most summer Sundays, 3,200 cones—60 cents a single, $1.20 a double—go out of MacKay's. Christina MacKay has only one explanation. "It's a nice drive out and it gives people something to do when they get here." But Lynne Fawrett of Canmore, Alta., takes a more visceral view, as she sucks up ice cream, leaning against a jeep. "Ice cream is sensual, visual, fun. It reminds you of being a kid again. These days, everything has gone to the extreme. People long to get back to the simpler days they're reminded of by ice cream." One scoop or two, watermelon, cheesecake, root beer or spearmint, it's your choice—the only way to spend a sizzling Sunday.

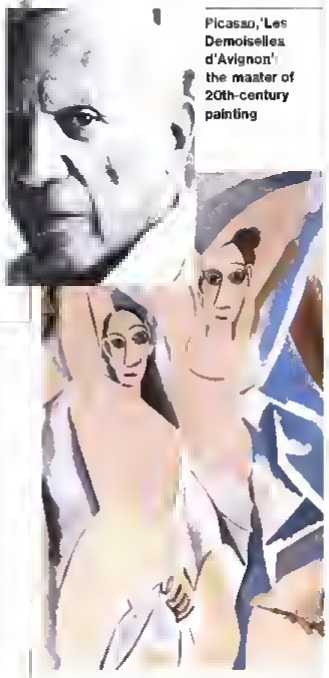
Suzanne Zwarun

In the barnacular

After seeing the splendid works of the monumental, if somewhat overwhelming, Picasso retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art which testify to Picasso's undisputed place as the master of 20th-century painting, I am amazed that Mr. Monk's review (*Picasso—Old Master of Modern*, Art, June 9) ends on the sour note that it does. Except for saying that Picasso was prolific ("a factory of art"), Mr. Monk neither praises nor appreciates Picasso but is disdainfully critical. No wonder art critics are treated like barnacles.

MARYBETH MCTEAGUE, ETOBICOKE, ONT

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN



Picasso, 'Les Demoiselles d'Avignon': the master of 20th-century painting

Lewis and carp

Seldom have I read rubbish like that written by Robert Lewis in his article *Creating a New Canada?* (Canada, June 16). As one of his "modern-day political leaders [who] flit before the cameras in their three-piece suits and one-dimensional masks, talking in tongues," I must say that the differences of opinion expressed by leaders across this country reflect very closely the views that their constituents hold about Canada. It's very easy to preach centralism from Toronto and Ottawa but you won't hear it spoken of in a favorable light too often in St. John's, Halifax, Calgary or Vancouver. I resent glib-tongued columnists whose only contribution to Canadian unity is attacking those who are elected by the people to resolve the issues that divide us. Sometimes it might be just a little helpful if the Robert Lewises of this world gave even so much as a halfhearted cheer.

K. RAPE MAIR, MINISTER OF HEALTH, VICTORIA, B.C.

Animal lib

I would like to comment on your article on Paul Watson (*Ecology Gunslinger*, Profile, June 16). I feel that this man deserves everyone's support for his continuing attempts to save the lives of seals, whales and other animal life. Unlike the women's peace and civil rights movements, the animal liberation movement has had only a tiny fraction of men and women who would risk their health and freedom to prevent animal suffering.

PETER ODENTHAL, WILLOWDALE, ONT.

A sound light show

It was with great interest that I noted the article by Wayne Ellwood (*Share Now or Pay Later*, Podium, June 23), the Canadian editor of the respected world development journal *The New Internationalist*. Mr. Ellwood's perspective on the positive elements of the struggle for justice and equality in Cuba and other areas of the Third World begins to balance the rather lopsided reporting that is present in so much of the Western media today. I commend *Maclean's* for this small, but nevertheless significant, step in shedding light on the plight and progress of people in the developing nations.

JAMES R. NOBLE, TORONTO

Wayne Ellwood claimed in his article that Cuba "is no longer run as the private fiefdom of U.S. business and the Mafia," and the only reason people flee it is purely economic—apart from a few hundred. Where did he get that figure? He also said that Castro "has done more to eliminate the worst aspects of poverty than any other poor nation." So did Hitler, once. At what price? I think that the reason for this latest of the many exoduses from Communist countries is a bit more complicated than "pure economy." Isn't it, perhaps, that many people are leaving the island because U.S. business has been replaced by something even nastier? Has Mr. Ellwood ever taken the trouble to study the structure and the inner and outer workings of the Communist party? I do not think so. Otherwise he would not be so sure about the absence of the Cosa Nostra in Cuba.

JOSEF SKVORECKY, TORONTO

I would like to commend you on the excellent article by Wayne Ellwood. It is about time the established media represented the true picture of the developing world. It is not up to the Third World to change. It is rather up to us to allow them to discover their own options. Mainly, it is our responsibility to redefine our expectations to allow for a more equitable distribution in a dwindling world.

JANICE BOOKMAN, SHELBURNE, ONT.

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Troubled waters for the oil



BOB ANDERSON

Lougheed: 'there'll be no capitulation'

By Ian Anderson

We have presented a proposal that we think is fair. That is the position.
Peter Lougheed, July 25

It's Alberta's turn to pay
Pierre Trudeau, July 25

Nothing changed The two sides had not budged significantly since the federal and Alberta energy ministers first sat down four months ago to determine a Canadian oil price. When Pierre Trudeau and Peter Lougheed tried for two days last week, the betting was they would succeed. After all, their prestige as first ministers was at stake They were not successful, or even close to being so Their concessions to each other were so small that the failure might be perceived as staged That is, if one can be cynical enough to believe either side would want to demonstrate that no balance could be found between federal and provincial interests just when constitutional talks were going on in Vancouver.

Lougheed flew home to a caucus meeting this week where the Alberta strategy for the emerging cold war will be mapped out. There was no hiding the deep sense of grievance taken back by the small coterie of bureaucrats who comprise his travelling brain trust. "At this stage we have the choice between capitulation and negotiation," said one of the men closest to him. "In Western Canada there'll be no capitulation It's better to fight and lose than throw in the towel."

As now seems routine at such meetings, both first ministers muddied their positions Trudeau said Lougheed turned down the same reward ($40 billion over four years) he would have won from the Tory government had it survived the nonconfidence vote last Dec. 13. Lougheed said the new deal produced just half the net benefits Both men were right — and wrong. Since the Tories fell, world oil prices have soared to $37 from $28 a barrel. That means the two players have another $10 billion or so to deal with. Lougheed wants to prorate that money so that Alberta keeps the same sized cut of the larger pie. Trudeau wants to cut the Albertans out of this windfall.

The next step is Lougheed's. He can dictate a new price when the current agreement ends Aug. 1. One close adviser suggests he may raise the price gently this week, perhaps by the $1 a barrel he proposed to Trudeau. This would add about four cents to a gallon of gasoline — hardly enough to generate widespread support for any drastic federal reprisal. Ottawa has the power to regulate oil prices outside Alberta, but this is the sort of messy intervention neither side seems yet to want. Alberta could retaliate by slowing its production. Ottawa could then step in and order full production by essentially seizing control of the resource. But Alberta may have a last high card. There is no undisputed federal power to regulate the pace of future energy development in that province, whose conventional oil will last only another 11 years if no new reserves are found.

The crunch may come in the promised autumn budget by Finance Minister Allan MacEachen, a key back-room player all last week. Trudeau promised an export tax on natural gas if he cannot reduce Alberta's share of the pie any other way. For all four western premiers, this amounts to an unacceptable federal assault on provincial resource royalties. It means Ottawa will lay its hands on some $3 billion in windfall profits Alberta and B.C. get by buying gas at cheap Canadian prices and selling it to American utilities at the world price.

For Lougheed, such federal intrusion amounts to double taxation for Albertans. They would sell their gas below world prices at home and gain nothing from exports. He has shown no recent sympathy, however, for the double taxation Ontarians now face as regional disparities widen in the face of western mineral wealth. Ottawa must pay to have-not provinces equalization payments that are tied in part to resource revenues. As Alberta's oil profits rise, so do payments to the have-nots, funded mainly out of federal income tax. Ontario, with 40 per cent of the tax base, must pay Alberta for its oil and then pay the have-not provinces *because* of Alberta's oil.



PETERSON, VANCOUVER SUN

At last they're fuel-efficient — they're boiling the oil with natural gas

The award for the understatement of the week should go to Peter Cumming, a

professor of resource law at York University in Toronto who has studied the disparities caused by petroleum wealth. "The whole system," he maintains, "is really out of kilter." Trudeau certainly agrees with him. Lougheed sees no need to change the rules now. The question, that remains to be answered is: which will be changed first — the rules or the country?

Curtains for the Jean & Roy show

Toward the end it was being called *The Jean and Roy Show*. For three weeks in Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, Jean Chrétien and Saskatchewan Attorney-General Roy Romanow held press conferences at 4:30 daily to report on progress in the travelling constitutional conference of intergovernmental affairs ministers. The fact that Ottawa and the provinces were even talking, they repeated, was cause for optimism. But as the closed discussions ground to a halt last week on the twin jurisdictional shoals of resources and the federal government's so-called "powers over the economy" proposals, even the banter between the co-chairmen had become strained.



STODDY CP

Chrétien and Romanow clowning it up in Vancouver: in a cranky state of neutral

The conference, called to prepare the ground on 12 specific areas of constitutional dispute before the first ministers' conference Sept. 8-12 in Ottawa, was launched in the federal glow of resolve and euphoria following the *"non"* victory in the Quebec referendum. After relatively easy broad agreement on constitutional changes in the areas of family law, the Supreme Court and equalization benefits, federal officials were shocked by the emotional provincial backlash to federal ideas on "powers over the economy"—provisions that would increase and entrench in the constitution federal powers to undo provincial legislation that tended to restrict the free movement of goods, services and capital across provincial borders. Led by the coolly handsome Romanow, who emerged to the irritation of the Ontario delegation, among others, as something of a media star, the provinces charged that the proposals would limit their power to manage their economies.

Federal officials, who cheerfully admitted to playing "hardball" with the issue, linked it to concessions on resources. As a result, as much as half the conference's time was spent on wrangles over the one issue, with the feds arguing that action was needed to prevent increasing examples of regional balkanization, such as residency requirements for jobs. The provinces likened the scheme to "using a sledgehammer to kill a mosquito."

As delegates journeyed home to report to their cabinets, the talks gave every appearance of being in a cranky state of neutral, despite Romanow's assessment that what had happened was "the uncovering of all the cards on the bargaining table." Aside from the scrambled visions of Canada evident at the conference, the talks were hobbled by the implied knowledge of participants that their work could be discarded over a coffee break by first ministers in September. "We are not mandated to make a deal," warned a hag-gard-looking Chrétien repeatedly. Even the hoped-for negotiating jolt of an Alberta-Ottawa oil price agreement was scuttled when bilateral talks in Ottawa dragged past the B.C. conference's close. One example of the airy problem of the ministerial meetings was that Chrétien generated far more interest in Vancouver last week for what he intended to do about the city's persistent prostitution problem. In the end, the ominous possibility remained that Ottawa would simply fall back on its traditional authoritarianism in the fall. Warned Chrétien: "Once the timetable is up, there is no more timetable."

Thomas Hopkins

Newfoundland

The little engine that tried

The twin towns of Labrador City and Wabush waited in eerie emptiness last week. Lawns grew into dishevelment before usually well-tended bungalows, delivery of the St. John's *Daily News* was stopped for want of carriers and customers and at 10:30 p.m., as dusk darkened the mid-North, few home lights glowed in competition with the stars of the big Labradorian sky. But the calm was truly just the eye of a storm.

Earlier in July the isolated mining towns were the scene of an extraordinary evacuation of 10,000 people—half their combined population, made up largely of Newfoundland islanders for whom Labrador means jobs. When both the Iron Ore Company of Canada and Wabush Mines shut down for five weeks in midsummer—the first simultaneous closing attributed to bad markets since iron mining began 20 years ago—4,000 laid-off workers and their families scrambled to leave at the same time, thousands of them with cars, boats and trailers. The problem? No road.

Never had the West Labradorian lament of exile from parent Newfoundland been more acute than when this crush of involuntarily idle islanders tried to go home—or, as northerners say, "to get out." Lightly laden travellers were air-lifted by Eastern Provincial Airways, Quebecair and Northern Wings, all of which flew specials to move 5,489 southbound passengers through the tiny Wabush airport. But for overlanders the only way out was Canada's most curious railroad: the Quebec North Shore and Labrador. The QNS&L runs a thoroughly modern freight line and, as the exiting Labradorians learned, a passenger service worthy only of the Wild West. Twice-weekly passenger trains—really freights with coaches tacked on behind—were supplemented by two specials, one of them a 17-car serpent carrying 550 persons. It began loading at Labrador City at 6 p.m. on July 11 and didn't leave the station until midnight. It was breakfast time before the crowded southbound special had rambled the 420 km to Sept-Iles, Que., and the first stretch of highway connected to the outside world. Waiting there were their vehicles—if they had had the foresight to give them up to the QNS&L at least two weeks beforehand for shipment by car-carrying trains. The rail-road, unconnected to the North American rail network, boated six borrowed automobile carriers down the St. Lawrence River to handle the demand and opened a parking lot in Sept-Iles for 2,000 vehicles. But Sept-Iles was a mere staging area for homebound islanders who still had to take a ferry across the St. Lawrence, drive through Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia before taking yet another ferry from North Sydney to Port-aux-Basques at the southwestern tip of Newfoundland.



There was another route out: the so-called Freedom Road chosen by a brave few who flat-carred their vehicles 125 km north to a rail siding at Esker and the start of a tortuous 500-km construction road across the vastness of Labrador to the Churchill Falls hydroelectric station and thence to Goose Bay and the 36-hour ferry ride to the island.

The exodus provoked by the temporary mine closings underscores not only the isolation but also the economic vulnerability of Labrador City and Wabush. Says Labrador City Town Manager Mike Martin: "Nobody should be under any illusion as to what a one-industry town is all about." Hardly a darling of the mining companies, Martin is skeptical about the reasons given for the shutdown: "There's some credibility to the theory that the companies have done this to drain the workers of their savings so that they can't strike next spring." But the workers' first preoccupation is getting back for the reopening of the mines in August, when the roadless return is expected to be even worse than the leaving. Warns Martin: "That was organized—wait till they start coming back."

David Thomas



DAVID THOMAS

Martin: worthy only of the Wild West

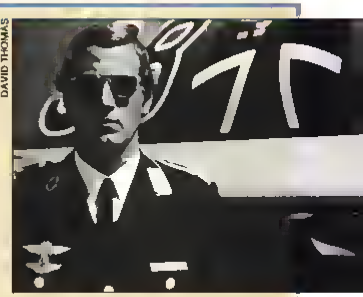
Deutschland über Labrador

Fuselages emblazoned with the German cross, four Phantom fighters flashed low over the rock, spruce and water of Labrador last week—the first flight of a 10-week training operation by the Federal Republic of Germany's air force. With the military's usual taciturnity, Canada's defence department described the German presence as "tactical flying training on a trial basis." What those laconic words cover, *Maclean's* learned from Western European military sources, is that the Luftwaffe contingent of 95 airmen and six aircraft is merely the leading edge of NATO ambitions to use Labrador as its principal low-level flying and bombing range.

The British, Belgian and Italian air forces, as well as Germany's, covet Labrador for its similarity to the Soviet terrain over which NATO attackers would have to fly in a war—at levels as low as 15 metres—and because high population densities in their own countries prohibit such on-the-deck training. Though top brass deny it, military messes abound with predictions that Canada will move its own low-level flying operations to Goose Bay from Cold Lake because of rich oil deposits beneath the Alberta target range.

German pilots must keep their Phantoms at least 75 metres above the Labrador surface under the current agreement, but one of the senior pilots who flew last week confided later: "We aren't really interested in flying at 250 feet [75 metres]—we want a new contract that will let us get right down with no restrictions." Wing Commander M.A. Radforth of the Royal Air Force contingent that has used Goose Bay for such training since 1960 explains: "It's a nightmare trying to do low-level training in Europe. Labrador is wide open." He dismisses local worries about disturbing the estimated 200,000 caribou that migrate through Labrador. Even practice bombs "wouldn't kill the animal, unless one landed on its head. It might give it a bit of fright all right." But the region's Naskapi-Montagnais Indians and ecologists fear that frights alone will break up migration patterns and induce miscarriages and fatal seperations of calves from their mothers. Such concerns aren't likely to cut much ice in nearby Happy Valley, the civilian town that has sunk into a deep economic funk since the United States Air Force pulled out in 1974. Labrador does seem to be on the tantalizing edge of prosperity: off-shore drilling could make it an oil industry centre, the fishery is being resurrected, new hydro-electric development is imminent and several European buyers are considering the harvest of Labrador's black spruce. But so far the German Phantoms are the most visible and immediate sign of a return of cheer to Happy Valley.

David Thomas



DAVID THOMAS

Lieutenant-Colonel Heinz Escher with Phantom: the leading edge of ambitions

Montreal

Sticky fingers in the bags



THACH BUI

"There's temptation working in the post office. It's just difficult sometimes not to pocket those $10 donations to St. Joseph's oratory." Quebec post office General Manager Louis-Philippe Papineau could be admired for that simple humanitarianism, but Judge René Marin, now into his third week of summer-long nationwide hearings into postal security measures, wants to know about more than the odd misplaced bill. Specifically, he wants to find out how Canada Post managed to lose well upward of $2 million worth of other people's valuables in the fiscal year 1979-80 alone.

For 10 years now, post office investigators have been asking for police status. They say that only with the powers of seizure and arrest can they make a dent in burgeoning mail ripoffs.* Testimony so far has scarcely proved that case. It *has* proved that 75 investigators—most of them former clerks—form a woefully inadequate and ill-trained force to keep an eye out for possible thieves among 60,000 employees and countless others lurking outside the post office as well.

Supporting the call for police status for postal investigators, Michael Ballard, security director of the Canadian Bankers' Association, outlined some of his members' mail losses over the past five years: $1.4 million cash, $1.3 million in securities and precious metals, and $2 million worth of fraudulent purchases made on credit cards stolen from the mails. Many of those losses came when, as a last resort, banks succumbed to the use of the post office's "money packets." Testified Ballard: "Despite the special nature of the money packet service, or perhaps because of it—parcels are clearly identified as containing valuables—approximately 100 packets worth $2.7 million have been stolen while in the care and custody of the post office." To add insult to injury, Judge Louis Marceau ruled in Montreal in January: "Neither Her Majesty nor the postmaster-general can be held responsible for mail that is lost or damaged," thereby throwing out a claim by an irate insurance company for $342,000 in lost bank notes. (The post office will insure goods up to $3,500 in value, but its liability on mailed cash is $100.)

Most of the losses stay lost. There were 765 mail thefts in 1978-79 but only 127 prosecutions, 68 of those against post office employees. Fully 66 percent of prosecutions in the past five years have been against mail workers, but unions claim that figure misrepresents the reality. Organized crime may have contacts inside, they say, but the theft of mail boxes, breaking and entering, hijackings and mail-related fraud are growing and lucrative outside undertakings.

The first two weeks of hearings suggested that a beefed-up security force, even without police status, combined with better preventive measures might go a long way to cutting losses. Ballard bemoaned the $1.84 it costs banks to send each credit card through registered mail, but he had to admit that preventive measures had cut stolen cards from more than 2,000 a year to fewer than 300. Postal unions' testimony, to be heard this week in Toronto, will oppose the setting up of a police force, but union claims that most of the problems do not originate in their ranks may be greeted with some public skepticism, coupled as they are with union opposition to improved surveillance inside. So far, the post office has won every battle in its attempt to set up closed-circuit TV in its newest showpiece sorting centre in Ville St. Laurent, near Montreal. The system is to go on stream next year, but Quebec union spokesmen have already warned that if the cameras light up the workers will go out. Louis-Philippe Papineau might charitably conclude that they're only trying to improve the spiritual well-being of their members, encouraging them to resist temptation with only God and St. Joseph to watch.

Anne Beirne

*CN and CP Rail both have their own armed police forces with a combined total of 390 officers.

Toronto

As far as eyes can see

By Val Ross

Toward the year 1000, western Europe was filled with foreboding. People noted shooting stars, failed crops and the birth of deformed calves with dread. *The Millenium is at hand! Repent and be saved!* That such millenarian anxiety is back was amply demonstrated at last week's First Global Conference on the Future as the world slouched on to 2000 AD. For five heady days, two of Toronto's glossiest hotels nervously vibrated with the visions and fears of academics, consultants, civil servants, free-lance prophets, sci-fi hobbyists, mystics and mountebanks. Many were members of the organizations sponsoring the conference, the World Future Society and the Canadian Association for Futures Studies. Few participants were yellow, red or black, although an eleventh-hour grant from the Canadian International Development Agency helped ship in 320 from the Third World to enhance the "global" promise of the conference's title. And few in attendance were genuinely representative citizens of the planet, since the registration fee of $160 plus travel costs barred that vast majority, the poor.

For the 5,500 folks who made it, the conference was a mass confessional, a chance to make a clean breast of it before Judgment Day. Participants confessed to "linear thinking," outmoded management techniques, political incompetence, squandering Earth's renewable resources and the exploitation of their Third World brothers and sisters. This cannot go on, warned Aurelio Peccei, co-founder of the Club of Rome, whose moral imperative was seconded by Governor-General Ed Schreyer. Convert and be saved, urged the solar-power salesmen from their display booths (renting for $250 to $500) and the holistic medicine men. Stand fast and be saved, countered Herman Kahn, a rotund buddha of big business and head of the U.S. think tank, the Hudson Institute. Still other participants seemed to feel things were too far gone for salvation. Among the darker predictions to come out of the 400-odd workshops and seminars were that computer technology would put 2.5 million Canadians out of work by 1990; that a California earthquake would send Hollywood to the bottom of the sea in March, 1982, and that one million of earth's five million plant and animal species would be extinct by the next millenium. Say goodbye to all five million, if one believes the rumor of war uttered by Professor Robert Jungk of the Technical University of Berlin.

Condemnations aside, the First Global Conference on the Future was tremendous fun, owing in large part to its chaos. Leisure suits, T-shirts and nuns' habits clustered around message boards crammed with blood-chilling starvation predictions overlaid with FUTURIST JOGGERS UNITE! Telephone numbers and professional cards were swapped like joints at a rock concert—a contact high that futurists, among others, call "networking." The esprit of forward-looking intellectual playfulness was summed up by none other than Timothy Leary, psychedelic pioneer: "We are lucky to have been ovulated in this era." Above all, there was the pleasant feeling of *being where it's at*: the future, by now everybody's preoccupation, is a growing business, as attested by brisk sales of future-studies newsletters, magazines, consulting services and textbooks for all those new future-studies programs at universities.

Yet many professional futurists, particularly those trying to wrest money from conservative universities and corporations, are hungry for still more respect, and that, ultimately, explains this conference's sold-out success. Professor Charles Little, econometrician at St. John's University, Jamaica, N.Y., said simply, "I'm here for my own professional advancement. It's publish or perish." He was enjoying a chance to rub shoulders with the famous and bask in the attention of the politically powerful, and he was not disappointed. After all, the conference was fathered when the famous met the powerful, specifically, when Aurelio Peccei was invited to meet Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau back in 1978. The man who brought them together was a Privy Council staff analyst named Fred Thompson who that year was serving as president of the then two-year-old Canadian Association for Futures Studies. One product of the issues those men discussed was the decision to hold the Toronto event, at which Trudeau's welcoming telegram was joined by messages of goodwill from Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and former West German chancellor Willi Brandt.

The corporate world was lured into the festivities through the magic of names such as the conference's honorary chairman, Maurice Strong. A former head of CIDA and of the United Nations' Environment Program, Strong has also served as chairman of Petro-Canada and chief executive officer of the Power Corporation. Petrofina plus a Power subsidiary are listed among the corporate sponsors.

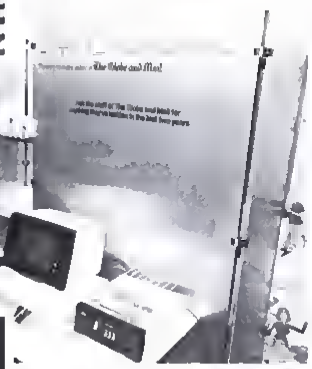
It was inevitable that the conference would become a media event, but the attentions of German and Italian television and *The New York Times* were utterly eclipsed by the full-page spreads in Toronto's two largest newspapers. If that play seemed disproportionate to the event's newsworthiness, Torstar Corporation, publisher of the *Toronto Star*, was corporate sponsor, while *The Globe and Mail*'s ad agency developed the publicity, ran a special supplement a week in advance—and was selling Info Globe, its on-line computer news service, at one of the display booths.

It wasn't a large conference by Toronto standards, earlier last month the city's convention services had been blessed by 20,000 Baptists. But despite the conference's $500,000 cost, the Canadian Association for Futures Studies has come out in the black and has more than doubled its membership, with entertainment, apparently, aiding success. World Future Society President Ed Cornish shamelessly welcomed his guests to "a circus, an intellectual Greatest Show on Earth." If the hoopla and sideshows that followed produced the horrifying, the silly and the inspiring all mixed up, well, that's only a reflection of current thinking about the future: haphazard, creative, indulgent. And only as an afterthought do the wretched of the earth tag along like the last circus elephant in the line. ✪









PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM RUSSELL

Model of a future city (left); info for the future (below); and listening to the future: too far gone for salvation?

Hull

Murder and the cathedral

Father Roger Rinfret was buried on a sunny Easter Monday with only a single lily adorning his casket and 98 white-robed priests celebrating the funeral mass. But even the purity and symbolism of the resurrection weekend has not yet erased the devilish question: what was the clergyman doing in a run-down motel room and why had he been stabbed 13 times? Rinfret's blood-drenched body was found last March 31 in the Ritz Motel, just 15 km from the safety of his stone presbytery in Angers, Que., near Hull. A doctor of theology and philosophy, Rinfret, 48, had headed several western Quebec parishes and worked with every community group from the Boy Scouts to Marriage Encounter. He was, according to a former parishioner, "just one hell of a good priest." After the funeral the small congregation of Ange-Gardien closed ranks to pull its members through "this horrible, horrible thing," and they vowed to find Rinfret's killer. Led by Hull Bishop Adolphe Proulx, the parishioners pressured Gatineau police to speed up their investigation. But when an arrest was finally made, it unfolded a tale of horror and homosexuality that devastated the community of Angers as brutally as Rinfret's death.

In early June, police charged a 20-year-old Hull parolee—a former parishioner of Rinfret's—with first-degree murder. Through two separate coroners' inquests, Alain McMurtie stuck by his testimony that he was in Ottawa "looking for women" the night Rinfret died. But a surprise teen-age witness testified that he and McMurtie had gone to the Ritz with Rinfret for a homosexual "party for three." The 17-year-old said the pair met Rinfret at Ottawa's Major Hill Park—a favorite spot for homosexuals—and agreed to a price of $20 each for sexual favors. The youth, who testified that he had "beaten on gays" before, said that once the trio arrived at the motel, "the man asked me for a kiss but I said I didn't like things like that. Then Alain jumped him and just kept stabbing him until he was dead."

The teen-ager's testimony made headlines across Quebec and caused a scandalous furore in the Angers parish where headlines like HOMOSEXUAL ORGY FOR PRIEST ren atop pictures of Rinfret and Bishop Proulx in their religious dress. "All of the curés are talking about it," said a former student of Rinfret's. "This case can't help but raise the subject of celibacy and a good priest torn between his religious devotion and his sexuality."



OTTAWA CITIZEN

Accused killer Alain McMurtie; Father Rinfret (inset), and a lily for the casket: all the curés were talking

When the preliminary hearing began, Bishop Proulx slipped quietly out of town for what a friend described as "a much-needed rest." Proulx and Rinfret's friends say they will "never, never, never" believe the homosexual story. "It is filth and it's nothing more than a story created by some kid to save himself at Roger's expense," said deacon Jean Marie Caron. "Those who knew Roger know it was not possible."

A former Rinfret student-turned-journalist said his newspaper has received several calls demanding that the case no longer be written about. "They don't want to hear about it," he said. "But how can you ignore that motel room?"

As the preliminary hearing concluded last week, McMurtie remained in jail, but under Quebec's controversial new Youth Protection Act the teen-ager is free and has yet to be charged in the case.

The last friend who saw Rinfret alive was lawyer Jules Barrière who is head of legal aid in western Quebec. Barrière says that Rinfret left his home at 9:45 p.m. and checked into the Ritz—a half-hour drive away—at 10:30. He said Rinfret "could not possibly have had time to drive to Ottawa besides and arrange a deal with two young boys that night. Anyway I've just heard too many courtroom stories to believe them all. It's one teen-ager's word against no one's. Remember, Roger is not here to defend himself."

This is the third murder trial for McMurtie's 26-year-old defence lawyer, Luc Marchildon. Only three years out of law school, Marchildon has one acquittal and one hung jury and he says: "I'm not about to ruin my record." The trial will be held this fall and almost certainly somewhere far from Angers. As one curious courtroom spectator said: "It will be pretty hard to find 12 jurors who can forget the murdered man was a priest."

Janet Cotton

MANT/OTTAWA CITIZEN

New Brunswick

Tax credits by the tankful

In the waning hours of a long legislative session, New Brunswick's Conservative government pushed through an innocuous-looking amendment to the provincial Assessment Act. Couched in appropriate legalese, the amendment declared that provincial taxes would not be levied against "crude oil storage tanks connected with an oil refinery or on pipelines connecting such tanks to the refinery." Since New Brunswick has just one oil refinery, the bill's beneficiary was obvious: Saint John's Irving Oil Company, part of the empire created by industrialist K.C. Irving (who lives in Bermuda) and now run by sons Arthur, James and Jack.

What made the action remarkable was that it followed a lengthy pursuit in court by the same New Brunswick government to win the right to collect such taxes. Last week New Brunswickers—especially city councillors in Saint John—were still wondering what had prompted the provincial government to change its mind so suddenly. The court proceedings, begun by Irving in 1972, centred on the issue of whether oil storage tanks at Canaport Ltd., the company's deep-water oil terminal at Saint John, constituted "real property" and were therefore eligible for provincial property and business taxes. A trial court and, later, the New Brunswick Court of Appeal held they were not. But in December, 1975, the Supreme Court of Canada found the tanks were structures for storing "movable property" and were thus, indeed, taxable.

Since then, sources told *Maclean's* last week, apparently few, if any, of the taxes have been collected. If so, the cumulative Canaport property and business-tax bill since the beginning of litigation in 1972 would be between $1 million and $2 million. (Based on a current assessment of $7,119,000, for example, combined 1980 property and business taxes amount to $378,110.94.) Having spent long hours on the case, provincial justice department lawyers reportedly were startled by the government's sudden decision to negate their efforts. However, said one philosophically: "Government has the right to change its mind."

Less serene is Saint John's Common Council, which normally receives part of all property and business taxes. According to Councillor Ralph Landers, when the city was asked to forgo its share of the Canaport taxes, too, "We were strong about it and said no." But now, he asserts, the province may be planning to make up the city's portion of the taxes out of its own coffers. "It's craziness."



DON NEWLANDS

K.C. Irving, his sons and oil tanks, as seen in 'Maclean's', 1964: real but untaxed

In the legislature, Premier Richard Hatfield said the company (which is 49-per-cent owned by Standard Oil of California) was important to the province, and he explained his government's generosity by saying it merely honored an understanding reached with Irving years earlier that the tanks would not be assessed. For New Brunswickers watching, it wouldn't have been the first understanding between the powerful Irvings and provincial governments.

David Folster



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling.
Average per cigarette: 9 mg "tar", 0.5 mg nicotine.

The ugly ally of the West



AJANSI CAMERA PRESS



LAURANCE MILSERV

By Claudia Wright

In one verse of the rarely sung Turkish national anthem, there is a reference to "the monster called Europe." Today, in all Europe, to say nothing of the rest of the world, there are few countries that could match Turkey's record for civil violance and political murder In a matter of a few days the death toll has included:

Abdurrehmen Kokeslogie, Republican People's Party deputy representing a workers' district of Istanbul in the National Assembly the first parliamentarian of the RPP, Turkey's major opposition party, to be assassinated by right-wing guerrillas

Nihet Erim, RPP member and prime minister in 1971-72; assassinated by a leftist group

Recay Unal, reporter for the left-wing daily *Demokrat,* which has been crusading editorially against police torture in Istanbul, found strangled In the past year, editors of two other left-wing papers, *Politika* and *Savas Yoln,* have also been murdered, along with Abdi Ipecki, editor of the centre-liberal Istanbul daily *Milliyet*

Kemel Turkler, chairman of the Metalworkers Union and former head of the left-wing trade union federation, assassinated by four gunmen, probably rightists

To observers of the Turkish scene, these assassinations mark a carefully planned escalation of political violence designed to provoke a crescendo of retaliation In reaction to Turkler's death, Turkish unions called the country's first general strike last week Police and military officials appeared on television and radio, warning that such a mass strike was illegal and that strikers would be arrested and imprisoned The stage thus seemed set for the massive confrontation that has long been anticipated between Turkey's urban workers, students and unemployed, and the army Whether the military commanders are in turn provoked into taking political authority from the government of Suleyman Demirel—they ruled for two years after a take-over in 1971—will be tested over the next few days

While the country's Western allies applaud the efforts of Demirel's government to, in the words of a recent U S Senate committee report, assure "discipline without destroying all civil liberty and the commitment of the military to uphold rather than remove democratic government," the statistics issued by Amnesty International in June show an altogether different picture one-third of the country's provinces are no longer under civil authority, in the first four months of 1980, troops and police detained nearly 47,000 people, about 2,000 have died as a result of rioting, police attack and political assassination since January, in a single month between mid-May and mid-June, there were 280 individual assassinations



AJANSI CAMERA PRESS

Police carry awey the body of an enarchist (top left), soldiers hold back angry students (above), and Demirel prisoners routinsiy exposed to etactric shocks

According to Amnesty, torture in Turkey is "widespread and systematic" People picked up in army and police sweeps are routinely exposed to electric shock treatment, sexual abuse and, a particular Turkish delight, *falanga,* which involves the prolonged beating of the soles of the feet Torture is also directed at women—Gülseren Kayin, arrested in Istanbul for defying a ban on May Day celebrations, required prolonged surgery to repair wounds covering her genital organs Torture and assassination have been used to purge villages and urban districts of political adversaries Mekmet Ali Yolageimez, a 23-year-old schoolteacher in a village dominated by the Grey Wolves, a militant right-wing guerrilla group sponsored by the National Action Party (NAP), was kidnapped While he was still alive, his ears and tongue were cut off and his eyes gouged out

The NAP's role in sponsoring political violence is widely acknowledged, and Alparslan Turkes, the party's leader, makes no bones about his desire to "eradicate" left-wing opposition Turkes controls 16 seats in the assembly and, by virtue of the balance of power he commands in Demirel's fragile centre-right coalition, has been able to capture a disproportionate number of ministerial and administrative posts

Last week, Interior Minister Mustafa Guleugil was forced to resign for blaming terrorism on the left But he was only saying aloud what Demirel's policy has covertly sought to achieve—the manipulation of the NAP's Grey Wolves and other right-wing militants in murder campaigns against the leftists, in the vain hope of neutralizing both ideological extremes The result has been merely to promote civil war

In addition to being politically bankrupt, Turkey is also bankrupt economically. The official foreign debt abroad is estimated at more than $17 5 billion this year and, without any hope of paying interest or principal, Ankara has been compelled to plead for time Yat between January and July, the pauper has done remarkably well at the banker's door In April, a 16-nation group pledged $1 16 billion in economic aid for 1981 Saudi Arabia has offered

Exit the pawn of history

Once he had placed a crown of 3,380 diamonds on his head, and vowed to recreate a Persian empire more awesome than that of Cyrus the Great But in the end Mohammad Reza Pahlavi, the man who had proclaimed himself Shah of Shahs and Light of the Aryans died as a poignant pawn of history, far from home All that remained to him of those grim dreams of glory was a small silver cask of Iranian soil on the table beside the final exile of his Cairo military hospital bed

When the bulletin of his passing crackled out of that sterile fortress the Maadi Military Hospital, on the scorched banks of the Nile early Sunday, it came as a surprise to no one — not even to the enemies who had toppled him from his Peacock throne 18 months earlier in Tehran and swore never to rest their revenge until they had his blood Ninety minutes after the rest of the world heard the news Iranian state radio interrupted programming to announce briefly The bloodsucker of the century is dead Said a spokesman for President Abol Hassan Bani-Sadr For us he's been dead for years His death cannot be anything exciting

Indeed, the final irony may be that the figure whose very life was the pivot bargaining point of a revolution whose reverberations continue to shake the world held by the time of his death become an almost forgotten irrelevance As the government of his nemesis Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini was quick to confirm the end of the former shah will have no influence after all on the release of the 53 American hostages against whose lives his own was once demanded

Riddled by the lymphatic cancer he had suffered from for seven years weakened by surgery complicating infections and pneumonia, the former shah was finally felled by a massive hemmorhage But as those close to him admitted he had been all but dead for a year haunted by the nightmares of his own public humiliation and international abandonment — the specire of having been thrown out of Iran like a dog



AP

Coronation portrait, the shah with wife Farah, son Reza and daughter Farehnaz thrown out 'like a dog

His funeral Tuesday in old Cairo's Al Risae Mausoleum brings full circle the tragic irony of the dynasty in whose steel grip Iran was once held The same walls provided an interim burial place for the shah's father, the illiterate peasant army colonel who overthrew Iran's Qajar kings and crowned himself Reza Shah the Great only to die in Johannesburg on July 26 1943 (almost 37 years ago to the hour) an exile who was to serve as a prophetic example to his son

In 1941 Reza Shah had been dethroned by the Allies for his German sympathies forfeiting his throne to the small sickly 22-year old son whom he had terrorized throughout childhood The ruler whom Tehran reviled as a bloody tyrant spent the first years of his reign during World War Two as a virtual hostage of his own throne a timid playboy puppet who was never allowed beyond his palace walls by the British and Soviet occupiers

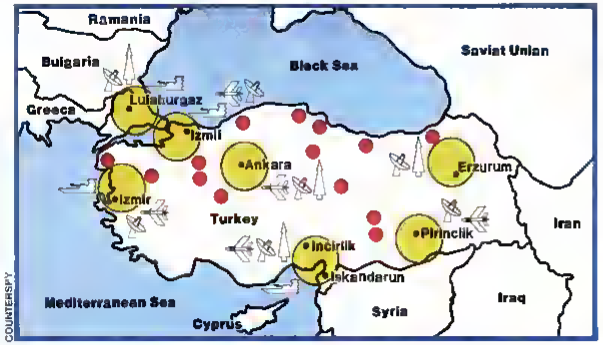
Even as late as 1953 his throne was imperilled by a coup under the fiery nationalist Prime Minister Mohammed Mossadegh and he was forced to flee to Rome in his own Beechcraft But the CIA quickly put an end to his three day exile with a counter coup

Scorned for cowardice and indecision during the first half of his reign he finally secured his grip over Iran after the bloody uprising of the mullahs in 1963 when he expelled the most recalcitrant of his opponents Khomeini Propped up by massive infusions of American aid and the glittering power of his own petro wealth his grip turned into a vise like reign of terror whose example now seems like some textbook case of hubris courting its own fall

The once dwarfed figure swaggered the world stage military medals on his chest and lifts in his shoes discarding wives who had the misfortune to fail to bear him heirs and venting his visions of turning Iran into the fifth largest world power by 1983 with $100 million extravaganzas in gold lamé tents in the middle of the Persepolis Desert, catered by Maxim's of Paris With an undisguised taste for revenge he gloated over bailing his old mentor Britain out of financial peril and took to lecturing the Occident on how to make more modest use of his oil

From his childhood he had been short-sighted and given to feverish visions in which he frequently saw himself saved by the Shi'ite saints of his Moslem faith In the end his shortsightedness blinded him to the fragility of his abilities and the hate which his insatiable need for absolute power had engendered Unlike those visions of his boyhood however the self-proclaimed heirs to the Shi'ite saints were to finally prove his destruction and in the final hours of Mohammed Reza Pahlavi no rescue came

Marci McDonald



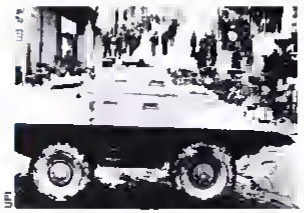
COUNTERSPY

In all, the U.S. and NATO may have as many as 56 bases in Turkey. They are of many varieties: air and naval bases, defence communication stations, intelligence listening posts and nuclear weapon storage sites. In *Maclean's* map the large circles indicate groups of bases whose functions are shown by symbols; individual heavy dots indicate smaller bases. Small dots indicate towns.

$250 million in new loans. West Germany has multiplied its aid while the United States boosted its military and economic assistance offer to $462 million, nearly triple the aid level of three years ago. In June, the International Monetary Fund approved a three-year loan of $1.6 billion, the largest in the history of that international tightwad. Last week, Turkey's main creditors in Europe agreed to re-schedule $2.5 billion in overdue loans and payments. Further postponements are being negotiated to cover the enormous obligations that remain.

Why support so unstable a regime? For one thing, there are the debts. Aid to Turkey is one way Western governments have of protecting their loans against eventual default and of paying them off at the same time. Then there is NATO. American officials and congressional staff speak often of the value of Turkey's role in the alliance. When pinned down for specifics, they admit that Turkish military forces are inadequate for defence against most types of Soviet threat. But then American and Turkish strategists do not rate the likelihood of a Soviet border attack as particularly worrisome.

On the other hand, *Cumhuriyet*, an Istanbul daily newspaper, has suggested that Turkey's real value to the United States and Europe is "as a Trojan horse against neighboring Islamic countries." After the downfall of the shah of Iran, the paper has commented, "There is tangible proof that the United States is engaged in forming a new 'secret' CENTO* based on the Egyptian-Israeli-Turkish triangle to assume duties as the guardian of the oil resources for the West in the Middle East."



An Izmir street after battle between police and leftists, a confrontation loome

On March 29, U.S. and Turkish representatives signed an Agreement for Co-operation on Defence and Economy. The details of this pact have largely been kept secret, both in Turkey and in the United States, but a full text of the English version became available in London a month ago, when a summary was published in the weekly *New Statesman*. This confirmed that the two governments had agreed on the use of Turkish bases (see map) for possible military action by American aircraft and military forces in the Middle East and the Persian Gulf area. Debate on the London disclosures in the Turkish National Assembly was furious, but parliamentary action was overshadowed by the intensification of the civil violence beginning with Kokeaoglu's murder.

At this point, it is far from clear why the Demirel government decided, after months of procrastination, to sign a pact that fails to provide Turkey with the guarantees of military aid that it had demanded, while (because of its secret clauses) posing a considerable threat to its survival. Demirel's critics believe, however, that the pact was the price he had to pay for American support for the rescue of Turkish debts. Without that, Demirel is thought to have calculated, he would lose—to the military—his last strong claim to retaining civil political authority.



Turkish crescendo of rebellion

To the National Security Council, the politburo of soldiers that monitors the country's parliamentary government, the U.S. pact was not the best deal that had been hoped for, but not a bad one in the circumstances. The military has been able to barter the use of several dozen radar, electronic surveillance, storage and other military sites, for new American commitments that will increase Turkish strength against Ankara's primary adversary—Greece, not the Soviet Union. As Turkey's foreign and domestic masters bargain over her bones, however, there is no way of telling yet whether the army's appetite has been satisfied, or whether the country's angry democracy will tolerate its exclusion from the deal. ◇

**The Central Treaty Organization (CENTO) was formed in 1959 to provide mutual security by Iran, Pakistan, Turkey and Britain with the U.S. as an observer. It was disbanded in 1979 after the defections of Iran and Pakistan.*

The man and his mask

"Heart attacks? Peter Sellers asked *Maclean's* in mock astonishment a couple of years ago. 'Oh yes, quite. Well, I'm trying to give them up. I'm down to two a day.' The best comedians have the great good grace of sidestepping puddles of seriousness. It's their way of warding off what's wrong with the world. Plagued by a heart condition since 1964, declared "clinically dead" eight times since, Sellers always viewed his sad state of health as a joke: no need to worry anyone else. Last week in London, 'the pink panther' had used up his nine lives.

The 54-year-old actor, like the very best comedians, also had the great good grace to *fall* into puddles—and get up again. That was a way of saying: Look, it's all right, you can always laugh it off—it's the best revenge." As the bumbling Inspector Clouseau, who made music out of mispronunciation, Sellers charmed crowds, made *their* lives a little easier. He had always had a streak of lunacy, beginning with the BBC's *The Goon Show* in 1952, but it was a controlled lunacy, calibrated with the timing of a master watchmaker. A vocal wonder, he had at his disposal an array of accents: Scots, Pakistani, French and at least five different kinds of London dialect. His movie roles read like an honors list. Clouseau in his various, hilarious incarnations; the trazzled pianist in *The World of Henry Orient*; Quilty, Humbert Humbert's nemesis in *Lolita*; the lecherous general in *Waltz of the Torreadors*; three tour de force turns in *The Mouse That Roared* and *Dr. Strangelove and Chance the Gardener* in *Being There*.

Ironically, for a man who could slip into so many skins with eloquence and ease, Sellers always claimed that he didn't know himself. A wild sentimentalist, someone capable of great heights "without a real voice of his own," is how he once described himself. Whether that was the truth or merely modesty, he was without doubt an acute observer of other people. It's hard to imagine anyone else in his role, it's harder still to imagine another actor pulling off the protean performance he gave in *Being There*, as a man who knew nothing of the world except through television. Sellers was the antithesis of TV: he made you sit up and listen.

Some people leave behind children or this or that to house the memory of them. Sellers left behind laughter. While filming *Revenge of the Pink Panther* in Hong Kong, people would approach him, poke him and ask him if his skin was pink. He replied: "Only my soul is pink."

Rare. **Lawrence O'Toole**



Sellers, he always had a streak of lunacy

France

A boy around the house

The young mothers overseeing the social life of the sandbox in a shady parkette in Paris' 13th arrondissement throw him regular glances of condolence. From time to time, a nanny will put aside her knitting to remark that she has seen *Kramer vs. Kramer* and she just knows what he must be going through. For William Pomputius, who is usually perched on a park bench in their midst, dandling a four-year-old on one knee while tending to the diapers of a pair of squealing 16-month-old twins, the congratulations on his plucky paternity have become a routine occasion for red-faced explanation—all the more so considering that they are a trifle premature.

At just-turned 20, Pomputius is neither a precocious new-style liberated father nor a casualty of some 1970 marital mishap, but what the newsmagazine *Le Point* has hailed as another sort of sexual "pioneer." In this case, the frontiers being assaulted are those of that venerable institution, the au pair girl—that perennial cute young thing who for years has traded a few hours of domesticity and baby-sitting a day for free room and board in a French home, not to mention the chance to remain in France and learn to *parler français*. As one of about 30 au pair boys who are currently manning the strollers in Paris, Pomputius has suddenly found himself both celebrated as an oddity and hailed by women's liberationists as a model male.

But the shy, spectacled American biochemistry and literature student finds his celebrity is all the more embarrassing considering that it is accidental. As he says: "This whole thing only started because I couldn't find another job." A University of Ohio dropout, he came to Europe "to take a break, to sharpen my perceptions of life," fell in love with the land of Jean-Paul Sartre and decided to stay on to improve his French enough to read *Huis Clos* in the original. When his money ran out, he counted on finding work as a waiter or a chauffeur. But those jobs were snatched up by a crop of impecunious French students, and he found himself hopelessly scanning the notice board of the Welcome Centre for Young Foreigners in France. Says its director, Nicole Riollot, who is responsible for launching a handful of au pair boys: "It was watching all those kids haunting our offices that we finally decided to open the au pair lists to them. Now we've discovered that we have fewer problems with them than we do the girls. Once a mother has had one au pair boy, she invariably asks for another."

Pomputius, an only child who had never so much as seen a diaper since the days when he himself was sporting one, now spends his workdays constructing sand castles, creating clown masks, whipping up macaroni-and-cheese dinners and trading in his tomes by Sartre and Camus for the bedtime tales of Asterix and Tintin. It isn't quite the education he was seeking. But it has certainly left him philosophical. "For someone who's spent their whole life in school, this stuff doesn't come easy," he says. "At the end of the day, I'm bushed. But I've become really crazy about these kids."

For Marie-Claude Maillot, the professor of mathematics who is his delighted employer, there's no difference between a teen-age girl who has never looked after babies and a teen-age boy with the same lack of experience. "Besides," she says, "my husband works late at night and on Saturdays, and it's nice to have a man's influence around the house for my two oldest sons." One American mother living in France still bemoans the departure of her Ceylonese male *nounou*. "He told the kids the most wonderful whimsical fairy tales and kept them enchanted all day," she says.



MOREL—LE POINT

An au pair boy: hailed as a sexual pioneer

Indeed, the one drawback to au pair boys seems to be their great popularity. As a spokesman for one placement agency put it: "I know several cases where the wife requests an au pair boy and the husband promptly calls up furious and cancels. A lot of men don't like the idea of some good-looking kid in tight jeans who can tell marvelous fairy tales spending all day at home with their wife." **Marci McDonald**

Brother's little helper

By Michael Posner

If meteorologists are right, this has been the hottest American summer in 44 years. The Carter brothers would undoubtedly agree. Everywhere they go—Jimmy on a brief campaign swing through Texas and Kentucky, Billy in New York, then back home to Georgia—the heat is oppressive. The weather office blamed it on a high-pressure ridge that refused to budge. High pressure, indeed. By week's end a special Senate subcommittee was gearing up to investigate Billy's two-year dalliance with Libya, the national press corps was behaving as if another Watergate were about to be unravelled, and Democratic analysts, looking toward the party's Aug. 11 convention in New York, were calibrating the damage to Carter's rapidly declining re-election fortunes.

The Carters themselves were as stubborn as the Texas sun. While promising to co-operate fully with the Senate inquiry, Jimmy allowed only that it was "not appropriate" for a "close relative" of the president to act as an agent of a foreign government. His terse two-sentance statement overlooked a few details, among them that Billy was acting for a regime that exports terror and is inimical to U.S. global interests.

As for the court jester himself, the former service-station owner turned peanut warehouse manager turned lecture circuit performer turned beer hustler turned oil broker turned White House diplomat repeatedly denied any wrongdoing. The $220,000 that the Libyans paid him earlier this year was merely a "loan," he said, albeit one undertaken without written agreements or, it seems, collateral security.

The complete saga of Billy Carter's Libyan liaison remains untold, but the existing record is embarrassing enough. The president's younger brother—Billy is 42, Jimmy is 55—first went to Libya in September, 1978, an invited guest of dictator Moammar Khadafy. Billy likes to say: "You can pick your friends but you sure as heck can't pick your kinfolk." Some friends.

In January, 1979, the justice department sent Billy a letter suggesting that if he were going to conduct a propaganda campaign on Libya's behalf, then by law he should register as its agent. Billy ignored the letter. They sent him another one; he ignored that too. He was not its agent, Carter said: he was just its friend. A year later, justice officials interviewed him again and Carter again refused to register. That same month, however—whether before or after the interview is not yet clear—Carter received 20,000 Libyan petrodollars, the first instalment on the ostensible $500,000 loan. Three months later, he received another $200,000. Where did the money go? "I spent it," Billy says. On what? "Bubble gum." One suspects the existence of cavities.

In the meantime, Billy Carter got it into his head to exploit his Libyan connection. The Libyans had crude oil to sell, and the Charter Oil Company of Jacksonville, Fla., wanted crude oil to buy. Billy became their broker. The deal finalized, he stood to gross a tidy $5.6 million in 12 months. Not bad for an unemployed peanut supervisor. But that enterprise, like so many others, fell through. Khadafy was prepared to sell the oil but wanted a few concessions of his own: eight Hercules C-130 transport planes that Libya had bought but the U.S. government refused to release.

The Libyans apparently believed that a brother of the president might wield some influence in the Oval Office. You can hardly blame them. The president, his wife Rosalynn, his national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, his legal counsel Lloyd Cutler—in short, the Carter White House—accorded rambunctious Billy the run of the china shop. They enlisted his aid after 53 hostages were taken in Tehran. Perhaps the fanatic Iranian Moslems Khadafy *did* send a missive, the world knows the results.

The White House defends its action on humanitarian grounds. Said Press Secretary Jody Powell: "We were willing to explore every avenue to secure the hostages' release." Billy Carter's Libyan contacts were considered "the best avenue" to determine how far Libya might go to help secure their freedom.

Another question, however, remains unresolved. On June 2, justice officials finally confirmed that Billy Carter had taken money from Libya. On June 4, the FBI interviewed the president's appointments secretary, Phil Wise, an old family friend. On June 10, Billy Carter requested a meeting with justice authorities about his case. On June 11, following that meeting, he saw Brzezinski and lawyer Cutler at the White House. Cutler referred him to one of Washington's top legal firms. On June 17, Attorney-General Benjamin Civiletti gave the game away. He told the president he could not discuss the investigation but recommended that Billy register. Two weeks later the president himself urged his brother to sign the papers. The question was: had the course of justice been diverted in the process? At week's end, the justice department was conducting an internal investigation of the Civiletti leak in an attempt to find out.

The weather office says there will soon be a moderating trend in the brutal temperatures. For the Carter clan, as 35 Democratic congressmen move to block Jimmy's nomination, the heat wave continues. ✪



KEZA—GAMMA LIAISON



Carter (above left) with Libyan Ambassador Gil Breel Shallonf and former ambassador Ambullahi Alkikhayia laal fall; in a TV interview (right): ona suspects cavities

Senate investigators (from left), Strom Thurmond, Howard Baker, Robert Byrd and Birch Bayh: you can't pick your kinfolk

The phantom of the Met

The people who crowded outside the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center last week had not come to stargaze. They had come out of curiosity, lured by a tabloid tourist attraction, one of New York's most sensational murders in years. The night before, 30-year-old Canadian violinist Helen Hagnes left her place in the pit, having played *The Firebird* and the pas de deux from *Don Quixote* for the Berlin Ballet Company, headlined by Soviet defectors Rudolf Nureyev, Valery Panov and his wife, Galina. A tape accompanied the next number on stage. She went to the women's locker room, talked to a friend there—and failed to return to the pit for the concluding ballet. At 8:30 a.m. Thursday morning she was found, nude, on a beam in an air shaft of the Lincoln Center complex. Earlier, detectives had found her shoes on the roof, but not her clothes.

Their absence is one of the many mysteries surrounding the bizarre and brutal murder of the violinist from Aldergrove, B.C. She had told her friend (whom police refused to identify) that she was going to Panov's dressing room for an "artistic discussion," ostensibly to talk to him about her husband, sculptor Janis Mintiks, who was doing a bust of him. At first, police believed she had



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probably been strangled before she fell, but a daylong autopsy by the city's chief medical officer revealed she was alive when thrown from the roof into the air shaft.

Extremely well liked, known as "Miss Cheesecake" for her habit of bringing such morsels for her colleagues, her career in bloom, Helen Hagnes offered no apparent motive for murder. It was clear that the killer must have known the labyrinthine building, and early Saturday police were said to believe their man to be an employee of the Met security department. Several women working at the Met, who had recently lost objects, had received obscene telephone calls from someone who knew a great deal about them. "We are all in somewhat of a state of shock," said the Met's executive director, Anthony Bliss. "It's the first time in our history that anything like this has happened."



Hagnes: bizarre murder, gruesome irony

The Met, however, has come under severe criticism from its own employees for lax security. Some claim that ID cards are rarely checked. And though performances have continued, a pall has been cast over them, made all the deeper by the fact that one of the ballets, *The Idiot*, contains a grisly murder. Hagnes's killer has already been dubbed "the phantom of the Met."

A gruesome irony attends the unsolved slaying: the current issue of the Metropolitan Opera Guild's *Opera News* contains an article entitled *Murder at the Opera*, a survey of fictional murders occurring in opera houses. One of them was Wagnerian singer Helen Traubel's *The Metropolitan Opera Murders* and the other was *When the Wind Blows*, in which the victim is a violinist.

Lawrence O'Toole

An agent under the sheets

There is a sense in Greensboro, N.C., that something is very wrong. Inside the neat white-frame houses with their blooming hydrangeas out front people are worried that justice may be the missing participant when six white men, members of the Ku Klux Klan or the American Nazi Party or both, go on trial this week. It has taken six weeks to pick a jury acceptable to prosecution and defence, and already prejudice has been inflamed by tales of intrigue involving government agents.

The six, all in their 20s and 30s, are charged with five counts each of first-degree murder in the shooting deaths of five young members of the Communist Workers Party (CWP) at a rally in Greensboro last Nov. 3. But Dr. Marty Nathan, widow of one of the five, says that the CWP and the widows expect no justice. It is obvious to all who know the facts, she claims, that the assassinations were the result of a conspiracy involving local and federal officials. The trial will be a cover-up, continues Nathan, because the state prefers Klansmen to Communists and thus promoted the killings.

It is true that although both sides had predicted violence at the rally, police were nowhere to be seen when shooting broke out. It is also true that there is considerable sympathy for the Klan in Greensboro. In conversations with local people it soon becomes obvious that Klansmen are viewed as patriotic while Communists are traitors.

Until earlier this month, however, Nathan's charges of police conspiracy were largely disregarded, as was a report in June by the Greensboro Human Rights Commission that criticized official conduct of the case. Then the local newspaper, *The Greensboro Record*, discovered that before the killings took place the Nazi-Klan group had been infiltrated by Bernard Butkovich, an undercover agent for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms of the U.S. treasury department.

Several Nazi party members in the Greensboro area have said that Butkovich was present at planning sessions when actions for the rally were discussed. Not only that, he encouraged them to arm themselves illegally with automatic weapons and, so it is said, offered to help hide the fugitives after the killings.

Harold A. Covington, the leader of the National Socialist Party of America, had personally vouched for Butkovich when he first asked to join the North Carolina Klan. Covington says that earlier last year, Butkovich attended one of his press conferences in Ohio when members of the Jewish Defense League tried to break it up. Says Covington: "Butkovich fought right alongside us and gave a very good account of himself." Nevertheless, Joseph Latin, a spokesman for the treasury department, while admitting that Butkovich is an undercover agent and that he did infiltrate the Nazi-Klansmen last year, maintains that "We have held an internal investigation and found nothing inappropriate in his role."

Butkovich's name does not appear on the list of 273 witnesses the prosecution has said it may call to testify, and he is now believed to be in Cleveland, the treasury branch office from which he normally works. So while more details may emerge at the trial about why police did not move to stop the Klan, local people aren't betting on it.

Blacks are not directly involved in the hearings, but the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) will be watching the verdict with interest. In another Klan case in Chattanooga, Tenn. last week, an all-white jury acquitted two Klansmen of charges that they shot four black women with a shotgun. A third defendant, who admitted to firing two shotguns from a moving car, was found guilty of reduced assault charges and sentenced to 20 months' service in a work house. The verdicts sparked several days of violence in which eight police were wounded. Said an NAACP official: "It could be the same in Greensboro. It'll be very interesting to see just how much justice the widows get."

William Lowther



KKK members under arrest after the clash last November, and (inset) defendant with relatives and friends: inflamed by intrigue

DON DAVIS/JIM STRATFORD, GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS—GAMMA/LIAISON

A city under siege

By Keith Charles

Beneath signs proclaiming SPORTS, PROGRESS, PEACE and posters of a coyly smiling Misha bear, Soviet soldiers and police with two-way radios patrolled in tense groups of four. Away from the hotels and the Olympic Village's dazzling array of salads and meats, Muscovites complained of the usual food shortages and queues. But, as the first week of the XXII Olympiad drew to a close, the striving spirit of sports shone through as new world records in swimming, shooting, weightlifting and cycling were set. Whether Moscow's hosting of the boycotted Olympics is a defiant success or an embarrassing flop depends on who is judging. The official Moscow line trumpets success, outgoing International Olympic Committee President Lord Killanin looks cheerfully at the 81 nations, with or without their national flags, attending.

The Americans, however, insist that the boycott has worked. The turnout of countries is the lowest since the 1956 Australian Games. Nor is there a carnival air in Moscow, where 300,000 police and plainclothesmen patrol the streets.

It's politics, as much as sports, which dominates. The welcome mat, for example, was out for PLO chief Yassar Arafat, who was escorted through the sensitive security devices in the Olympic Village. Then, several Afghan boxers and wrestlers slipped away from their chief coach, a Russian, to beg Western newsmen for publicity which might help them defect. The Western media were also kept in trim through daily sparring matches with a memorable personality named Vladimir Popov. After hectoring journalists for covering politics, not sports, Popov, deputy chief of the Organizing Committee, used one daily briefing to congratulate Vietnam on its first cosmonaut. Asked what that had to do with the Olympics, the smiling Popov replied: "Well, to be a cosmonaut, you first have to be a good sportsman." But there was sports drama, too. The vast, echoing, new swimming stadium rose as one when Leningrad student Vladimir Salnikov churned down the centre lane on his last lap to turn in the finest distance swim in history, an average of less than 60 seconds for each of the 15 100-metre laps. As Australian swimming star Dawn Fraser described it, "He was the closest thing to a fish I've seen." Salnikov added two more golds in a men's relay and the 400-metre freestyle, though he failed to break the world record set in Toronto a few days earlier by Peter Szmidt.



Ceremonial parade (above), gymnast Comaneci (right), boxing match spectators: 300,000 police and plainclothesmen patrol



AP



SIMON/FRANCOLON—GAMMA/LIAISON

Another heart-stopping moment came after the third lap of the men's 400-metre medley relay. The Soviets led until a 17-year-old Australian freestyler, Neil Brooks, gained on Soviet star Sergei Kopliakov and touched a mere 22/100ths of a second ahead of him to win Australia's first gold medal since 1972. In women's swimming, the East German machine dominated the pool, led by police Sergeant Barbara Krause, 21, who took the 200-metre freestyle after first winning the 100 metres in a world record 54.79 seconds.

In gymnastics, Romania's Nadia Comaneci, the darling of the Montreal Olympics, dropped her Olympic title to a Soviet newcomer, Yelena Davydova. Except for a fall from the uneven bars, she performed superbly. The gap narrowed, but Comaneci needed a 9.9 score on the final balance-beam routine to win. The judges delayed for 30 minutes, their chief, a Romanian, refusing to accept the score of a West German. The final score: Comaneci 9.85.

While the East Germans, Russians and Bulgarians dominated weightlifting, cycling and shooting, Alan Wells of Scotland captured Britain's first gold in sprinting in 56 years. But the West focused its attention on the long-awaited duel between Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett, the super-show runners from Great Britain—an 800-metre race won by Ovett Saturday with a time of one minute 45.4 seconds.

Whether the boycott succeeded or failed, no doubt many athletes are suffering from the political chill. Duncan Goodhew of Britain, who took the men's 100-metre breaststroke event, said "it hurt" not to see the Union Jack raised at the victory ceremony. Gold medal-winning cyclist Robert Dill-Bundi of Switzerland, also minus his flag, could only weep and shake his head.



Armatrading. off to see the 'little people'

She prefers not to be called a feminist and likes to keep her political views to herself, but English singer/songwriter **Joan Armetrading** has observed that the U.S. presidential election is shaping up to be "a bloomin' show." Armatrading's latest album, *Me Myself I*, gives some clues to her lyrics, which tend to be insular. She is, however, anxious to spread the word about herself in Japan, following an extensive North American tour. "I think it would be interesting," she says, "to see the culture and all the little people."

Eagle Sarmont soars. The laid-back 28-year-old Californian, alias **Joseph Whitmore**, who planned to fly his motorized hang glider from New York to Paris, explains: "I haven't taken a vacation for several years and a lot of people want a grand adventure so . . ." En route last week, Eagle landed in Baie Comeau, Que., and was grounded by Transport Minister **Jean-Luc Pepin**. The flighty adventurer plans to fight the technical ruling that clipped his wings. Prior to landing in northern Quebec, the "Eagle" had set down in a school yard and a golf course where priority No. 1 was—the washroom. "I watch my diet very carefully," he says, "and don't eat anything that might be messy."

Canada has been invaded by **Second City** comedy troupes. The Toronto show is constantly packed and Edmonton is rolling in the aisles when the taped version isn't on television. But, for the past two years, Huntsville, Ont., in the heart of cottage country, has also been host to a crew of improvising zanies. "We're the farm team," explains Huntsville Second City veteran **Peter Mifsud**, 29, "a group of defective comedians sent to the wilderness to learn the language." Mifsud and his cohorts, **Richard Dumont, Ken Innes, Dean Hall, Debra Kimmet** and **Patricia McFall**, work out regularly at the Deerhurst Inn where the crowd consists primarily of "camp counsellors and dirty-weekend types from Toronto." Between skits about parking lot attendants and test-tube babies, the troupe works in local humor about such topics as the Huntsville water, which they deem "unsafe to look at." Like most cottagers, the group partakes of water sports and playing cards. "We have a regular friendly vicious card game," explains Mifsud. "Pots have been going as high as $300 or $400. When that happens we go to Deerhurst to get fresh marks."



Second City: cottage country playing cards

After 13 years in retirement, **The Chipmunks**—**Alvin, Simon** and **Theodore**—are back. The three furry friends were a '50s creation of songwriter **Ross Bagdasarian** who died in 1972, and now they are squeaking their way into the '80s with an album titled *Chipmunk Punk*. "I was looking for a way to launch The Chipmunks into the consciousness of today's kids," explains Bagdasarian's son, **Ross**, who is the brainchild behind the rodent revival. "I didn't think disco would fit their style, but I felt that Alvin, Simon and Theodore could identify with the energy and vitality of punk." Does this mean high-pitched insults from the likes of Theodore Chainbelt or Simon Vicious? "Definitely not," says Bagdasarian. Although there are those who have always thought of Alvin being literally Rotten. "The Chipmunks are still clean-cut, traditional and wholesome. They are very soft punkers."

"It will be nice to have old Kingsfield stalking the land again," admits venerable man of the theatre **John Housemen**, whose crusty but benign television character **Professor Charles Kingsfield**, in the Harvard lawyers-in-training series *The Paper Chase*, returns to the screen this January. Houseman, 77, won an Oscar for his part in the 1974 movie that spawned the series. "They paid me an awful lot of money for that," he admits of his cameo in **Dudley Moore**'s latest, *Wholly Moses*. "I just did my part. I didn't even read the rest of the script." Houseman did, however, read the script for his current role as a suspicious neighbor in the Vancouver TV production of *The Babysitter*, a thriller with **William Shatner** and **Patty Duke Astin**. "If you're my age," says Houseman, "and you're my kind of actor, as long as things aren't obscene or boring or ridiculous you take them."

In the film *Gas*, now shooting in Montreal, 22-year-old **Sandee Currie** meets a travelling salesman at a gas station and the jokes take off from there, only to end up back where they began—in the middle of a gas shortage. "The salesman, whose name is not Lloyd, sells everything from bird feathers to sofas," explains Currie. "When I meet up with him he's trying to unload 500,000 thermometers and we decide to look for gas instead." The zany petro-scam comedy features **Donald Sutherland** as a disc jockey in a helicopter, along with **Sterling Hayden, Helen Shaver** and **Susan Anspach**. According to Currie, her role as a photojournalist is "one of the straightest" in the picture and, since the salesman she teams up with is played by madcap **Howie Mandel**, she has enough laughs without creating her own. "There are lots of stunts and car crashes along the way," explains Currie, "but at the end we find out where the gas is." And what is the answer to the question that millions of dry tanks are asking? "Oh, it really is gone."

Currie: where has all the petrol gone?

"For all intents and purposes, I am a Beatle," says 27-year-old **Mitch Weissman**, who stars in one of the many touring companies of the hit musical *Beatlemania* and just happens to be a dead ringer for **Paul McCartney**. "I come from a very nicely set Jewish lawyer family in Long Island," explains Weissman without a trace of working-class Liverpool in his speech. Weissman joined the *Beatlemania* cast "in the beginning" four years ago when the producers were looking for unknowns to impersonate the Fab Four. Though he enjoys the success of the show, which will be touring Western Canada next month, Weissman also finds that his offstage life is often disrupted. "The worst is at concerts," he sighs. "People pass me *everything*. If I were into drugs, and I am not, I wouldn't have to pay for anything." Despite a lawsuit that has been on and off against *Beatlemania* for years, Weissman hopes to be part of a planned film sometime next year. Then he'd like to change his image. "I would love to go away from this cutesy-pie face and end up playing a killer on *Barnaby Jones*."

Weissman: Jewish Beatle from Long Island

If **Glynnis O'Connor** doesn't watch out, she may end up sounding like **Rosalynn Carter** permanently. First, the 24-year-old actress had the lead in the screen version of the maudlin Mississippi ballad *Ode to Billy Joe*, and now she's perfecting her southern drawl playing a hillbilly mama in the Canadian flick *Melanie*, opposite rocker **Burton Cummings** and his white piano. Apparently it's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississauga mud, since O'Connor says Ontario "looks just like Arkansas, except we had to bring in some red dirt." The offspring of a New York show business family, O'Connor made her debut at age 9 in a TV toothpaste ad. Since then, she has served time on a soap and made movies with young eligibles **John Travolta, Robby Benson** and **Jan-Michael Vincent**. Her angelic looks have helped her win roles, but O'Connor is sick of sweet young things and will break out of the mould in *Those Lips, Those Eyes*, a film in which she plays a jaded dancer on the summer theatre circuit opposite *Dracula*'s **Frank Langella**.



PIERRE DURY



"I am here. The awesome one is back." Such was shot-putter **Brian Oldfield**'s reaction to a surprising recent U.S. federal court decision that allows him and all other professional American athletes to regain their amateur status. Banned previously from all non-pro meets since trading in his amateur ranking after the 1972 Olympics, the truly awesome Oldfield (six feet, five inches and 260 pounds) was volubly indignant about what he considered a human rights violation. "Athletes, like free enterprise in this country, should be autonomous," he says. "I am the best and I should be able to compete with the best." With the universe once more unfolding as it should, Oldfield is planning to come back hugely. "My 75-foot shot-put record, which is two feet more than any other athlete in the world has ever thrown, apparently doesn't count as I did it while I was a pro. I guess I'll just have to amaze people all over again."



Oldfield (above) and O'Connor: those lips, those eyes and that awesome shot-putter

"Just show us the stage!" challenged **Streetheart**'s lead singer **Kenny Shields**, 32, as the band wound up its nationwide tour this month. Sprouted from the wheat fields of the Prairies, Shields is the pride of Nokomis, Sask., population 600. Fame is coming more rapidly since the band's members **John Henneh, Spider Sinneeve, Daryl Gutheil** and **Herb Ego** took a Juno award in April as the year's most promising group. Shields looks back nostalgically at the years he spent on the Prairie bar band circuit when he could "play the hell out of a guitar run." But now he belongs to the "you can't party no more club" to deal with the enervation of fame and its trappings. Sighs Shields: "I just want to wank it with the boys."

Edited by Marsha Boulton



DENNIS GAHLL

REGAN GLOBE & MAIL

Astra branch, Biddell (inset), Montemurro: yo-yo on a string, stitching motley rags

Business

What a tangled web we weave

By Anthony Whittingham

How was it that Philip Lococo, Niagara Falls, Ont., lawyer, small investor and reputable citizen, got himself into the wretched predicament he's in today likely to lose thousands of dollars in the collapse of a small southern Ontario trust company in which he himself was one of the original directors and early shareholders? "Don't ask me," he shrugs. "I guess I was conned—and a lot of others along with me. It seemed like that golden opportunity we're all looking for—to start into something right at the ground floor. We had no idea how badly things would go wrong."

Lococo isn't alone. Several hundred people across southern Ontario are wondering today what did happen to Astra Trust Company, the Niagara Falls savings and loan institution which took in millions of dollars of deposits during its brief three-year history in six Ontario communities only to find itself seized last week by a court-appointed liquidator. Swarms of accountants and police investigators began combing through its records and statements searching for the evidence of fraud and theft they say they're almost sure to find.

"What we have here is an incredible tangle of interlocking financial transactions over a period of several years—probably involving not just Astra Trust, but at least a couple of other related companies as well," explains Jack Biddell, the razor-sharp accountant who, as chairman of Toronto's Clarkson Company, bankruptcy trustees, has been appointed to wind down the affairs of the company. "At this point, we just don't know what happened."

But by last week, within days of his appointment, Biddell was already moving quickly to stitch together the motley rags of the Astra fiasco. This much, at least, is known: that through common ownership and interlocking directorships, Astra was closely linked to two other financial institutions—C & M Financial Consultants Limited and Re-Mor Investment Management Corp., operators of mortgage investment trusts. These two companies have not only gone the same route as Astra (the former in receivership and the other in bankruptcy), but also, in the case of C & M, criminal charges of fraud and theft have been laid against three leading company officers. Central figure in this tri-company web was 46-year-old Carlo Montemurro, president of all three companies and thus ultimately responsible for what federal officials are calling the first outright collapse of a federally chartered financial institution since the Home Bank in 1923. Montemurro, described by associates as "a brilliant salesman," cut his teeth early on in securities promotion schemes during a stint as salesman for the notorious IOS empire of stock promoter Bernie Cornfeld in the late 1960s, after forsaking the more sedate challenge of sharing in his family business, a successful eight-store supermarket chain based in Rouyn, Que. How many others along with Montemurro shared the decision-making at C & M, Astra and Re-Mor is what the receivers and police now are trying to determine.

Says chief Ontario Provincial Police investigator Inspector Ralph Smith, head of a five-member anti-rackets squad working full time in Niagara Falls on the Astra and Re-Mor investigations: "At this point, everybody is scurrying for cover."

Montemurro himself, who on his lawyer's advice isn't talking to the press, has told shareholders the blame lies with government regulators for strangling the business. Another associate, Welland lawyer Patrick Luciani, one of the first shareholders and for a time a director of Astra, and, police believe, part owner of various associated companies including a bankrupt condominium project in Spain into which Astra sank $2.4 million, now is claiming he had "nothing to do with Re-Mor," adding that "Montemurro ran all the companies and had me like a yo-yo on a string."

The snarled tangle of the Astra affair may take years to resolve, and though most Astra depositors will get their money back under the federal government's $20,000 insurance protection provided by the Canada Deposit Insurance Corp., the shareholders of Astra, as well as those unlucky enough to have deposited funds in C & M and Re-Mor, probably will not. Many are wondering why federal and provincial regulators didn't move in to close the operations down sooner. Indeed, one group of Re-Mor depositors, led by St. Catharines lawyer John Crossingham, says it is planning to bring an action against government authorities for failing to exercise due care in handling the Astra matters. Federal insurance superintendent Richard Humphrys laments that "we moved in on Astra as soon as we became aware of what was going on, but we still couldn't be there every day. This one got away on us and it doesn't make us very happy." With Astra under federal jurisdiction, while C & M and Re-Mor were controlled by Ontario, part of the problem may have been that the right hand didn't know what the left hand was doing—while all the time, if the worst fears turn out to be true, somebody else's hands may have been merrily dipping into the till.



EDMONTON JOURNAL

Allard: ironhanded parental benevolence

Just following doctor's orders

Dr. Charles Allard once informed a friend: "Every time I get to thinking I'm so smart, I just have to look at this." Allard held up his briefcase emblazoned with a logo of the Edmonton Oilers hockey team—a loser on the ice and at the box-office while Allard held a 23-per-cent interest in the World Hockey Association team. But if the Oilers took Allard down a peg, about everything else has been coming up bankable since the Edmonton ex-surgeon began, almost as a hobby, to amass a wide-ranging empire that now takes in chemicals, communications, financial services and even some trendy nightclubs. Last week, the 60-year-old Allard, who retired as Edmonton General's chief of staff in 1969, "retired" for the second time, giving up his controlling interest in Allarco Developments Ltd. for a plump $127 million.

Calgary-based Carma Developers Ltd. will purchase Allard's controlling interest and all remaining publicly held shares for $141 each. Ironically, the move is precisely the one Carma said a year ago it wouldn't make. Carma, a land development and real estate business, began 18 months ago to build up an interest in Allarco and, last summer, attempted to purchase 18.2 per cent of Allarco's common stock, a move that would have given Carma 42.9-percent ownership, almost equal to Allard's holding. Carma officials, at the time denying that the company would seek majority control, said the investment was entirely in the interests of diversification. The bid, however, didn't succeed. Carma's $52.25-a-share offer only marginally increased its interest in Allarco because Allard held such a large block.

The publicity-shy Allard, evidently tempted by an offer almost triple last summer's, no doubt deserves a rest. Starting in 1949, when he set up medical practice in Edmonton, he combined 60-hour medical work weeks with his spare-time business dealings. Even after his retirement from medicine, he continued to work seven-day weeks. He parlayed a Jasper Avenue vacant lot acquired from his mother into a variety of real estate holdings throughout North America, turned a used car lot—Edmonton's Crosstown Motors—into Canada's largest Chrysler dealership, branched successfully into restaurants and unsuccessfully into air transportation, cornered a piece of the Alberta petrochemical field with a controlling interest in Alberta Gas Chemicals Ltd. and set up a financial arm. His involvement in AGCL, Alberta's first methanol plant, was either lucky or well timed since prices skyrocketed just as the plant went into production. But, over the past year, AGCL has twice clashed with the U.S.-based Celanese Corp., which has succeeded in pressing anti-dumping charges against AGCL.

Allard once said his companies were "like children" and his business style has been one of ironhanded parental benevolence. When employees at Allarco's Parkland Nursing Home in Edmonton went on strike in March, 1977, they were instantly replaced and are still on a now futile strike. Some employees felt differently, however, as last year Allard whisked his entire North West Trust staff off to the Banff Springs Hotel for a holiday weekend. One impressed executive, who found Allard and his third wife charming, said they were "just like ordinary people." Just like Allard is an ordinary doctor.

Suzanne Zwarun

As cod is my witness

A gloom has settled over one of the traditional mainstays of the Newfoundland economy this week as the province's 10,000 inshore fishermen—nearly one-fifth of the Newfoundland work force—continued to halt the half-billion-dollar-a-year provincial fishing industry with little hope that the fishermen and the processing companies are anywhere close to an agreement which would end the week-old strike and lockout. For the fishermen last week's strike means they're refusing to sell their catch—chiefly cod and turbot—at the prices offered this year by the fish processing companies. The companies, in turn, say the market for fish products, particularly among key U.S. importers, has slumped so badly that they cannot offer the same price increase this year as fishermen had come to expect after the three preceding years of prosperity. Refusing to believe the hard-luck story offered by the companies, the union president, lawyer Richard Cashin, offers the convincing grievance that under the companies' 1980 price offer, inshore fisherman's salaries would drop from about $9,000 to $7,000. Tragically, while the dispute flips and flops, the best month for the annual fish catch slips needlessly through the net.

Geoff Hunt



CLARKE/CP

Idled fishing trawlers slipping the net

The dogs of yesterday are barking



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S



GLOBE & MAIL



Alboini (laft); Wabstar (centre); Jarislowsky aharaholders' sport

by Gillian MacKay

James Montgomery, a retired advertising manager who dabbles in the stock market, is no corporate crusader. For 45 years, he worked peaceably for a subsidiary of grocery giant George Weston Ltd., receiving at his farewell luncheon in April, 1979, a barbecue set and a T-shirt reading BAY STREET HERE I COME. A year later, the 66-year-old man did go to Bay Street, but it was not the trip he or his colleagues had imagined. Roused to anger by a proposal of another Weston offshoot, Westfair Foods Ltd., to buy back its publicly held Class A shares, Montgomery marched into the sumptuous downtown law offices of McCarthy and McCarthy and hired one of Toronto's top securities lawyers to help battle his former employer. Last fortnight they were successful in prompting Westfair to modify the scheme. "There is a streak in me that if I see unfairness, I fight," said Montgomery, who with his wife owns 900 Class A shares. "And," he added, "I'm not alone."

It takes fire in the belly, money to gamble with—and some inside information doesn't hurt. But armed with tougher securities laws and a new sense of their own importance, more and more minority shareholders are fighting—and winning—battles that a decade ago would not even have been considered. "Historically, Canadian shareholders have been slower to assert their rights than Americans," says Victor Alboini, Montgomery's lawyer. "But in the past three years people have started to take action."

Necessity, as well as consciousness-raising, has turned yesterday's underdog into today's hero. Depressed stock prices in the latter half of the 1970s set off a rash of take-overs and share purchase schemas. Too often these transactions worked only to the benefit of the majority shareholder who, with the largest single block of voting shares, tended to forget that all holders own a piece of the company. When share ownership starts to contain too much risk without the just reward, it undermines the whole market system, according to Montreal investment counsel Stephen Jarislowsky, prominent advocate of shareholders' rights, who last week helped to win a higher price from Consolidated-Bathurst Inc. for minority shares of Domglas. "People who talk all the time about free enterprise and then don't live that way," he says, "I find repugnant."

A second Jarislowsky-inspired victory came last week with the announcement that Montreal financier Howard Webster, who purchased the control block of Ronalds-Federated Ltd. in April, would make a follow-up offer to minority shareholders at the same price. In the past, minority shareholders were frequently neglected when the control block changed hands at a handsome premium. This practice, however, was outlawed last September in the new Ontario Securities Act. Webster, who failed to obtain an exemption, was the first to feel its power.

Perhaps the most important area of increased protection for shareholders lies in the right to defend against expropriation of property. At one time, if company A owned more than two-thirds of the shares of company B, then A could vote to merge the two companies and buy the remainder of B's shares at whatever price A chose. The so-called amalgamation squeeze-out has become largely extinct as a result of a highly progressive Ontario Securities Commission policy ruling late in 1978. At that time, an attempted squeeze-out by Jannock Ltd. was successfully resisted by minority shareholders of Westeel-Rosco Ltd.

Unfortunately, many small shareholders can afford neither the time nor the money it takes to see an action through the courts. Wealthy institutional shareholders with large boldings, such as trust funds, are the logical ones to launch such suits, but they tend to be passive, as are most investment firms and boards of directors. One director who went against the grain was Whitehorse lawyer and businessman Allen Lueck, a former director and minority shareholder of Whitehorse Copper Mines Ltd. Recently, he helped to win a higher offer for Whitehorse minority shares from Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Co. But after paying his share of the $293,000 court costs of the year-long battle, Lueck made little profit for himself. "There has got to be a more reasonable way of doing this. Shareholders should not have to pick up the bill," he says. Jarislowsky agrees that the company should pay the cost of "legitimate" actions, but worries that, if made too easy, minority suits could become "a shareholders' sport." For now, however, that hardly seems likely. Though growing in strength, minority shareholders are not yet, in the words of OSC Director Charles Salter, "a thundering herd roaring across the plain waving spears. That would be too un-Canadian."

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ROY MACGREGOR

Paters saluting the musical ride: a big curiosity

HERE COME THE TOURISTS

By Roy MacGregor

In the rich, rinsed light of a late June evening, the soul of Canada has come to rest in the St. Lawrence village of Morrisburg. It is Old Home Week, a celebration of past roots and present virtues. Decent men from the Lions Club organize parking for the returning natives. Sensible baking arrives from the auxiliaries. Innocence savors a late outing as 16-year-olds loosen the apron strings and tighten their jeans for a long evening of desperate stares along the midway. Farmers—forearms red as apples, foreheads white as cores—gather around the poultry exhibit and complain contentedly. Beyond the fairground and behind the slumping snow fence, the RCMP musical riders practise precision cantering, their red tunics flashing like Christmas stockings before a freshly barbered kid in a hockey jacket. His hair floats in a light breeze. The wind is coming off the water, moving through the fair, and it carries voices that are strangely out of sorts with the scene.

"Ich kann eine Blasen blasen." (I can make a bubble.)

"Nein, du kannst das nicht." (No, you can't.)

"Doch, das kann ich schon. Schau mal." (Yes, I can. Look.)

Ingrid Peters purses her lips, narrows her eyes and blows mightily. Slowly, a large pink bubble grows from her mouth up toward her nose, touches it and bursts loudly. Peter Kraus claps his hands and laughs. He signals for one of the West German television crew to capture the moment—a candid shot of the guest singing star picking gum off her face—and then turns back to his own Dubble Bubble gum which he and Ingrid and the 16 other West Germans have discovered that afternoon at nearby Upper Canada Village. His attempt fails again and he removes the gum to explain why he, one of Germany's most famous entertainers, with a television audience of 17 million, would come to Morrisburg for location shots. "Canada is very, very . . . can I say 'famous?' in Germany right now," he says, searching for the proper phrase. "It has become a big . . . curiosity. Yes, a very big curiosity."

Ah, but there are more curiosities. A mere two years after Canada's infamous travel deficit hit both $1.7 billion and the front pages, tourism today is being hailed as a possible "savior of the Canadian economy." Thanks to a merciless winter, Canadians still spend more running *away* than others do running *to* this country, but the embarrassing 1978 figure has been cut by more than half in two years. Tourism is suddenly a $12-billion-plus-a-year bonanza—a phenomenon that will see a record 42.5 million visitors arrive here this year. It will include Americans (40 million), Britons (500,000), West Germans (260,000), Japanese (180,000), French (140,000), Australians (74,000) and Italians (67,000). It is a trend that began last year when, for the first time ever, more overseas visitors came to Canada than Canadians went elsewhere, and it has clearly continued into 1980 with the total number of foreign visitors up nearly 33 per cent over the first quarter. Jean Cabot may have discovered these shores in 1497, but the true discovery of Canada is just beginning.

Most impressive, of course, are the figures from south of the border. If the current trends hold true, the number of American visitors will surpass last year's 31 million by 33 per cent. Unfortunately, it has less to do with Ken Taylor and the escape from Iran than it has to do with cheap gas, as four out of every five American visitors do not even stay overnight. The truly impressive statistics, then, involve the most visible—and audible—change, the estimated 2.5 million *non*-American tourists who will pump some $1.25 billion into the Canadian tourism industry this year. In the past five years, the number of these oversees foreign visitors has doubled.

"The prospect of the overseas market has suddenly exploded on us," says Len Nathan of the Toronto-based Suntours. Swiss and West German hunters are arriving in New Brunswick to hunt black bear, other Europeans are paying up to $300 in Quebec to fly to the James Bay hydroelectric site where one of the highlights is dining in the workers' cafeteria, and Japanese visitors in Vancouver are paying $95 to travel 50 km up the coast to Squamish for lunch and a round of golf. The tourists, clearly, have moved much faster than the industry. One sad example of playing catch-up occurs in Italy—the sixth most important overseas tourist supplier after the United Kingdom, West Germany, Japan, France and Australia—where there is no Canadian tourism office and the Canadian embassy is able to offer only fact sheets on the country to prospective travellers. A *Maclean's* survey of 10 major travel agencies in Rome turned up exactly one travel brochure on Canada. Even so, 61,400 Italians visited Canada in 1979, and after the first five months a 10-percent increase was in the works. At times Canada performs like a Sunday bootlegger—just having the product on hand is often enough to have them knocking at the door.







COURTESY CADOT

It is now more than 300 years since Father Hennepin, a French Recollet priest, came to Niagara Falls and reported back to Europe that "the universe does not afford its parallel." Had the Recollets only been hustling package tours they could have financed the salvation of this heathen New World by a simple denial of the Ninth Commandment—"thou shall not bear false witness"—for Father Hennepin wrote that the cataract fell 600 feet (180 metres), not its true 176 feet (49 metres), and he even claimed it could be heard 45 miles (75 km) away. It was this country's first outlandish sales pitch and, not surprisingly, had Europeans clamoring for a look for themselves.

Attracting tourists today requires rather more substance than the mists of Niagara Falls afford, but not a great deal more. In France, one poster shows a freckled Saskatchewan farm girl wearing a calico dress and grinning out from a hayloft. CANADA BUCOLICALLY YOURS printed beneath. In West Germany, the slogan is *CANADA—DIE FREIHEIT IST NOCH NICHT AUSVERKAUFT*—FREEDOM IS NOT SOLD OUT. Tourism may end up as cheap trinkets and boring slides, but it inversibly begins as images.

"We're selling the unspoiled—the clear air, clean water, the wilderness," says Joe Becker of Atlas Tours in Whitehorse. It's a concept that might work wonders in the Yukon where it is true, but in Niagara Falls if they ever found it they'd put it behind plastic and charge $3.50 admission. "Austria is very closed in," said Helmut Muhlbacher, as he and Kurt Mayr bicycled by the Falls this summer. "We have too many people there. It's a better life here. You have good fishing and hunting. You can do all the things we cannot do in Europe." And so, the Niagara Falls attitude of putting a price tag on a beautiful view is spreading quickly. "We had a tremendous day," an official with the Canadian Office of Tourism in London, England, said on his return from a recent $125-a-day fishing trip on New Brunswick's famous Miramichi River. "I'm sure it's going to sell."

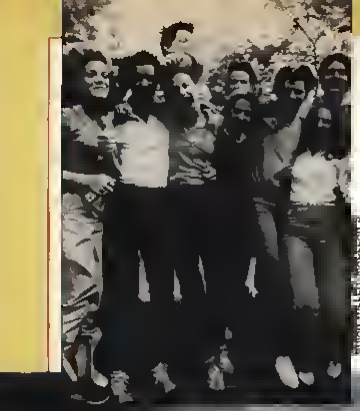
Sell. Canada's main attraction is neither calico dresses nor clear air. It is the Canadian dollar. That hotels in Montreal are reporting 100 per cent weekend bookings throughout this summer while in London, England, hotels are on the ropes, many running 50 per cent below last year's levels, is indicative of the economic truths of Canadian tourism. "Do you want to pay $150 for a hotel room in London or $50 for one in Halifax?" asks Alec Simpson of the Nova Scotia department of tourism. "If anybody is value-conscious, we're a good buy." European and Japanese currency is so strong in comparison to the sagging Canadian dollar that traditional tourism concepts have changed drastically. Rob and Mary Little of Cumbria, England, and the Davidson family from nearby Dumfriesshire, Scotland, found themselves touring Ontario by rented car this summer rather than returning to the Canary Islands where they vacationed last year. "We were surprised," Colin Davidson said as he left Niagara Falls. "Prices here are not only competitive, they're often cheaper."

It is for this reason that a thigh-high bundle of auburn fake fur, wearing a Stetson, red plaid lumberjack shirt, white vinyl teeth and what may or may not be antennae, sits just inside the doors of an exclusive travel wholesaler on Paris' chic rue Auber. *"C'est un*



STEPHEN HOGG

Fishing on the Miramichi, ad campaign abroad: a 'tu' in the land of 'vous'





ANGUS OF CALGARY

American teen-agers visit Toronto City Hall; view from the Banff Springs Hotel; Japanese buy furs in Banff; Sunday bootlegger



ANGUS OF CALGARY

wonder the hot seller at Paris' Destination Canada this summer has been a two-week tour of the Canadian Rockies in a rented motor home. At $1,140 it is roughly the same price Parisians would pay for two weeks in the south of France.

And one need not ask why the entire passenger list is smiling as the Japanese tour bus pulls away from the Hotel Vancouver. The bus driver is introduced, applauded, and he bows graciously in the thick of traffic. Up Grouse Mountain the tour goes. Stop for pictures. Up the cable car to the top the group goes. Stop for pictures. Eat lunch. Go outside to take pictures of magazine photographer taking pictures of them. Down to the Capilano Salmon Hatchery for more pictures and a 10-minute tour. On to the Capilano Suspension Bridge for more pictures. Pictures by the Indian carvings. Pictures by the tepee. Pictures on the covered wagon. Pictures with the donkeys. Then by bus back to the hotel, all in less than three hours. Less time, perhaps, than the slide show will take back in Japan. The Japanese like their tours in a "chop-chop manner," according to Wendy McClelland, reservations manager at the Banff Park Lodge. "They bus in, look around and are gone before you know they were here."

But they certainly know where they have been, as well as where they want to go. The Japanese have only been able to travel internationally since 1962 after the lifting of currency-exchange restrictions, and the sudden rush to Canada was likely caused by a variety of offbeat reasons. a 1975 saturation ad campaign by Canada Dry on Japanese television, a song, *A Love Letter From Canada*, that was No 1 on the Japanese hit parade for an impressive 10 weeks in 1976, a television soap serial called *White Runaway*, much of which was filmed around the Banff Springs Hotel, and the continuing success of *Anne of Green Gables*, which showed up last winter as a regular television cartoon feature. Whatever the cause, the Japanese are so enthused about Canada that this year Kyosen Ohashi, the Johnny Carson of Japanese television, is doing several of his shows on location in Canada. And so popular is the Banff Springs Hotel with the Japanese—thanks undoubtedly to *White Runaway*—that many refuse to stay anywhere else. "Banff and Lake Louise were very special for us," newlyweds Akihiro and Yoshie Watanaba said after their recent stay. They were lucky during one recent Christmas trip. 60 other Japanese honeymooners spent their wedding night on the floor of the hotel basement when Canadian Pacific overbooked its well-known resort.

But, generally, there are very few bad experiences for the Japanese. Each week more Japanese language signs go up and many resorts such as Sunshine Village, 134 km from Calgary, are printing their winter brochures in Japanese. In Canada, the Japanese feel safer than travelling in Europe. "Not so much bang-bang," says Minaru Takahashi, a tourist from Tokyo visiting Vancouver. "In Europe our luggage would be in danger of being stolen," adds Shunichi Kawarasaki, a visitor to Banff. And Kawarasaki is quick to praise the Canadians he has encountered. "The care to detail," he says. "Everything is organized and we see everything we wanted to see." "We like the people," Wilhelm Burdzik added as he and his wife strolled through Toronto City Hall. "They are not very complicated. You are free and friendly, and we will always recommend Canada."

"The world is not much different," chuckled Jakob Kessler, as he prepared to fly home from Ottawa after a typically rowdy session at the House of Commons question period. In parliacastor," says Emmanuel Daoud, the proprietor of Destination Canada. It's a beaver. Daoud looks upon this curious gift from the Canadian Office of Tourism as a symbol of what he calls "the fastest-growing long-distance destination in the travel business today." The number of French visitors to Canada this year is expected to increase by 25 per cent over last year, which in turn was a 25-per-cent increase over 1978. A brochure in Daoud's office explains it all. "For the French tourist," the editorial begins, "Canada has almost become the Spain of today."

To appreciate this fully it is necessary to understand the Spain of yesterday, less than a decade ago, when Canadian youths were accustomed to spending a leisurely six months in Europe for little more than $1,000 and a cheap return air fare. In the past 10 years, the Canadian dollar has dropped 128 per cent against the German mark, eight per cent against the British pound, 189 per cent against the Swiss franc, 48 per cent against the French franc and 99 per cent against the Japanese yen. Little



"Your Henninger, sir."

Henninger drinkers know there's something special about their beer. It's the superior taste of a fine premium beer, brewed in Canada, in the great European tradition. With the care and pride of an independent brewer. Using ingredients that cost a little more. So Henninger Export costs a little more. And a Henninger drinker will tell you it's worth it.

Henninger. The taste that costs a little more.

ments, perhaps, but not so in tourism As a well-known hotelier near Davos, Switzerland, Kessler knows he has only his reputation to lean on with the unfailingly sturdy Swiss currency beginning to frighten off visitors "With us it is getting worse," he said "With you, it can only get better."

By the year 2000, some 11 million overseas visitors will be arriving each year in Canada To attract these projected visitors, as well as current ones, there exists a $2-million advertising program conducted by the Canadian Government Office of Tourism (CGOT),



ANGUS OF CALGARY

some airline advertising and limited programs run by various provincial governments Ontario, for example, will pick up 20 per cent of the total budget for Peter Kraus's *Hello Peter* television special, an investment that should cost Ontario taxpayers close to $100,000, a small price to pay for 17 million West German viewers But though much of the Canadian advertising is praiseworthy, some of it is also humorous and some of it just doesn't work as intended An exquisite $600,000 brochure campaign in Germany last year was found to have almost as much impact on immigration as on tourism, and German advertising was consequently altered considerably this year Full-page ads in French weekly newsmagazines this spring caused a small uproar when they used the "Dear Reader" technique and consistently referred to the reader in the familiar "*tu*"—something that is common in Canada but just not done in France where President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing still calls his wife, Anne-Aymone, by the formal "*vous*" And in Israel, where there is no national tourism office, the Canadian embassy was unable to handle the onslaught of visa requests last year The resulting backlog caused some Israelis to go elsewhere



STALEY IMAGE BANK OF CANADA

The Calgary Stampede, visitors in old Quebec City free, friendly, uncomplicated

Back home, there are also much-needed changes in the works In New Brunswick, a tractor trailer motors around the province, stopping in at restaurants, hotels and motels, and hustling the entire staff out and into the trailer for a crash course on waiting and serving Customs officers—their surly nature a major source of complaint by foreign visitors—are being quietly lectured about their attitude toward other people's dirty laundry Three hundred thousand federal civil servants discovered "Reach Out a Friendly Hand" brochures in their pay envelopes last year and, in B.C., Tourism Minister Pat Jordan is calling for tourism to be taught in schools Canadians have obviously not been as successful as their scenery

"I get grumpy," says Ted Tilden, chairman of the 500-member Tourism Industry Association of Canada (TIAC), "when in the Maritimes the distance between food stops is 60 to 80 miles , and when in our Canadian Rockies skiers would rather spend every night watching TV than going out to the mediocre after-ski facilities" One Rome-based Italian travel agent says,"They're very courteous, but not very warm No one seems to go out of their way to make us feel really welcome there" To remedy attitudinal and facility problems properly, however, would require something other than the current lawn-sprinkler approach by competing federal-provincial levels of government and the often-differing objectives of the bureaucrats and private business "The task now," says Tom Fletcher, assistant deputy minister of Industry, Trade and Commerce in charge of Tourism, "is that the various interests must consolidate their position We must strike while the iron is hot."

"We aren't *able* to strike when the iron is hot," a Fletcher colleague counters in confidence "We've got everything going for us and we've got to move We're just panting to move." He, like Ted Tilden, sees the tourism bonanza as the possible savior of the Canadian economy, yet he claims the government's $18 3-million marketing budget falls about $12 million short of being able to cash in successfully Next year's overseas advertising budget, for example, will not be increased by a single penny—a regressive move in these inflationary times But it seems unlikely cabinet would approve such a controversial increase Tourism currently accounts for five per cent of the gross national product and employs some one million Canadians, yet it has no minister to speak for it other than Charles Lapointe, minister of state for Small Business There is much talk about a forthcoming National Tourism Plan, which will be launched in October A sort of industrial strategy for tourism, it is an idea that dates back to 1971 when provincial tourism ministers met in Victoria and decided tourism development in Canada was, to put it kindly, retarded "When you have Disneyland across the border," John Powell reported only two years ago in a task force on tourism, "miles of beaches along the Mexican coast and the delights of all Europe to choose from, who wants to spend his precious two- or three-week vacation in a 'rustic' cabin that hasn't seen a coat of paint or a carpenter's hammer for the past 20 years?"

Ironically, in the two short years since John Powell pointed this out the Canadian tourism boom has taken place, however, it can be argued that the novelty of Canada is saving the country from such criticism from abroad But it may soon be coming Recent CGOT surveys have discovered the fastest-growing world tourism market involves people who are either over 55 or between 18 and 34, a blue-collar worker who has never been to college No survey is needed to discover that such a visitor might soon tire of War of 1812 forts or autumn leaves While nothing so drastic as what occurred in 1827 in Niagara Falls—when the retired ship Michigan was loaded up with bears and dogs and other animals and sent over the Falls as an attraction—is contemplated, there are undoubtedly changes coming Like it or not, the push is on for more Disneyland-style theme parks such as Canada's Wonderland, north of Toronto, and more recreation-oriented family resorts such as Mont Ste Marie in western Quebec There is an undeniable, if painful, truth in the words of Gerry Brander, executive director of TIAC "People aren't happy anymore to just go stare at the lake"

The provinces have moved individually to change their approaches to enticing tourists They have to Most noticeable has been the number of foreign languages used by tourists The most significant economic change, however, has been in the growth of the domestic market Last year, Canadians spent a record $9 4 billion on domestic travel, and the figure will continue to rise dramatically as long as Canada remains an international travel bargain Canadians can't afford to go anywhere else

Newfoundland has launched a $148,000 program (90 per cent federally funded) to separate the province psychologically from the rest of the Maritimes in the eyes of Canadian tourists "We have more whales, higher mountains, moose and caribou and some of the best bird sanctuaries in North America," says Hal Stanley, assistant deputy minister of Tourism Alberta, aware that so many of its own citizens are relative newcomers, has launched an extensive "Stamp Around Alberta" promotion, aimed almost exclusively at those who already live there And Manitoba, whose promising tourism industry has been nose-diving since the mid-1970s energy crisis, has tagged $877,500 toward recouping that industry

The provinces realize, just as any bait salesman does, that repeat business, not dreams, is the future of tourism Chuck Ridder, the German-speaking owner of Gladstone Mountain Guest Ranch, 50 km north of Alberta's Waterton Lakes National Park, has been building up his foreign clientele for the past three years This year, for the first time, Germans make up "the lion's share of the bookings" He has even hooked up with a West German wholesaler who sends Ridder tours throughout the season, as many as 20 tourists at a time, in pursuit of "wilderness-type experiences, but with the creature comforts—wine and brandy after dinner in the dining room" It is a clear example of something that works. One tour operator, Wolfgang Sauer of Munich, says 35 per cent of his customers are repeat visitors to Canada, and travel authorities in Frankfurt say more than 95 per cent of Germans returning from Canada are happy with their trip, a "satisfaction level" obtained only rarely with long-haul destinations

So far, Canada's weaknesses in service and Canadians' reluctance to smile have not caught up with the burgeoning market A recent letter to the editor in *The Globe and Mail* came from Thomas D Leslie in Kirkcaldy, Fife, Scotland, and said "I have spent, with friends, the finest three-week vacation I have ever had in my life" A heartening letter, but obviously a first impression It may be that not all overseas visitors are after wilderness as Wolfgang Sauer's Munich customers have been, and that Canada's obvious shortcomings in tourism promotion, service and facilities may soon pose a larger problem Getting the Japanese, British, French, Italian, Mexican, South American, Austrian, Swiss and Australian tourist to return as well, and to return again and again, will require much more than a National Tourism Plan As a June editorial warns in the Ottawa *Citizen*: "It's time to get our tourist act together"

Brn Bollaert came from Belgium with his wife and another couple last month, and as he stood gazing at the twin-curved towers of Toronto's City Hall he thought about what had impressed him the most about this country He hesitated a while and then said "When you go into a bank they are waiting in lines—that's order!"

As any Canadian with a bank account knows, long bank lines are soon avoided ✪

PAUL LITTLE



Japanese tourists on Vancouver bus tour—on Capilano Suspension Bridge, with covered wagon, with tapas chop-chop





PAUL LITTLE

With files from Marci McDonald in Paris Theadora Lurie in Rome Peter Lewis in Brussels, Mayuri Hiraln in Tokyo, Mark Budgen in Vancouver David Fulsher in Fredericton and Matthew Teitelbaum in Toronto.

The weeklies grow stronger

By David Folster

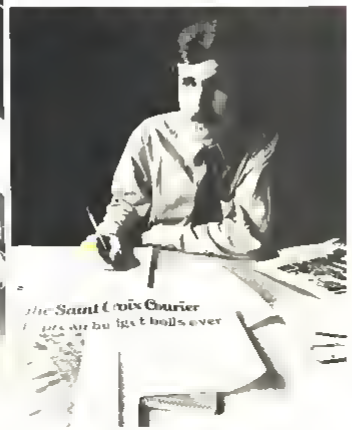
As debate raged in the New Brunswick legislature in June over cost and work habits at the Point Lepreau nuclear power plant (*Maclean's*, July 7, 1980), Liberal allegations of government malfeasance were buttressed by revelations from an unexpected source: *The St Croix Courier*. The small twice-weekly newspaper (combined circulation 11,200) in St Stephen, N.B., discovered first that a Montreal parent company involved in the nuclear project and its subsidiary had apparently contributed more money than the law allowed to the ruling Progressive Conservative party, then the paper uncovered internal memos that showed top management at New Brunswick Power were unhappy with how some Lepreau contracts were awarded—a matter that soon had the Grits crying political patronage.





BRIAN WILLER, MACLEAN'S

From left, Dills, Mississauga 'News' editor Mike Toth, Walker: aggressive reporting



The stories were only the *Courier's* latest examples of journalistic enterprise. The aggressive reporting reflects a determination by *Courier* editor Julian Walker, 28, formerly at the *Ottawa Journal*, to improve upon the "stodgy, recording-secretary kind of journalism" he sees in the province's five English dailies. When N.B. Power Chairman William Cockburn, for whom the Lepreau illuminations have been doubly embarrassing because the *Courier* is the home-town paper in his own constituency, implied management documents had been stolen, reporter Ann Breault explained that she got her information merely by visiting the utility's headquarters in Fredericton. It was an investigative foray any other reporter could have made—but hadn't.

Such determined news gathering is showing up increasingly in weekly papers across the country as those most venerable of journalistic institutions, once noted primarily for their fustiness and benign appearance, shed the old image and gather economic and editorial strength unto themselves. To be sure, the essentially one-man operations of yore yet linger, with the publisher-editor regularly metamorphosing into ad salesman-compositor as well. But much more often now the papers, which number about 1,000, many of which prefer the modern designation "community" newspaper, have full-dress advertising and editorial departments—and an energy reminiscent of urban dailies. Says Jim Dills, executive-director of the Canadian Community Newspapers Association (CCNA): "I certainly think the papers are more viable, have more vibrance and are more concerned with performance now. And that's interesting and exciting."

Technology has wrought a major part of the change. The development of computerized typesetting has let publishers retire the old, clanking Linotype machines (which served them nobly for almost 100 years) and go to faster, more efficient electronic machines, and modern photo-offset printing gives them cleaner, brighter newssheets. The new technology has also meant publishers can spend more time and money developing the news-gathering and -selling sides of their operations. Typically, David Cadogan, publisher of the *Miramichi Leader* in Newcastle, N.B., says: "Ten years ago this paper didn't have any reporters. Now we have six." The community papers are also attracting better qualified people—from young journalism school grads to space salesmen with big-city merchandising experience. At the same time, ad revenues for Canada's weeklies have jumped from $50.4 million in 1969 to $142 million in 1979.

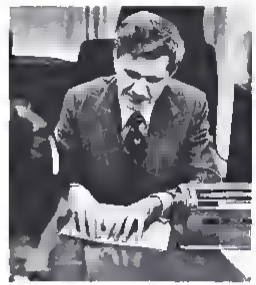
More Canadians read weeklies than dailies (6.5 million vs. five million), some relying almost entirely on the community papers for their print news. In Alberta, for example, a CCNA survey found 57 per cent of weekly subscribers didn't even get a daily paper. In Saskatchewan, two-thirds of farm families get weeklies, fewer than one-third bother with dailies. Across Canada the papers range in size from the Swan Lake, Alta., *Grizzly Gazette*, circulation 1,000, to *The Mississauga News* of Mississauga, Ont., which has a circulation of 80,000, comes in five sections and runs an average of 10 color photos an issue (the paper recently won a North American newspaper competition for color photo reproduction, besting dailies such as the Boston *Globe* and Indianapolis *Star*).

Big or small, however, the editorial philosophy is the same: to concentrate on home-town news and backyard issues. However, it's a challenge that can present its own special difficulties. It's one thing, for example, for an editorial writer on a large metropolitan daily to criticize someone he'll never meet, it's another for a weekly editor to rap a fellow townsman whom, as one says, "you may meet 20 minutes later in the coffee shop and whose kids play with your kids." Nevertheless, today's weekly readers, drawn to small-town life and vitally concerned with local issues, expect just such professional performances.

Testimony that they are getting it lies in the fact that community papers have become such good investments they now attract businessmen and financiers as owners. Still, the character of the business is changing as a result. Where once an editor or reporter could often buy his own paper, it's far more difficult now for these people to scrape up the required cash. "What's more likely," says New Brunswick publisher David Cadogan, "is that a chain will buy it." Chains of weeklies do, in fact, girdle various sections of the country, from the Robinson-Blackmore group which has 10 community papers in Newfoundland, to Sterling Newspapers Ltd. which has been acquiring British Columbia weeklies since 1969, converting some to dailies. Critics argue the profit-oriented chains tend not to make journalistic waves and produce rather bland fare. Others say the chains have strengthened all the individual links. As an example, the award-winning *Mississauga News* is only one of 13 suburban papers owned by Inland Publishing Co. Limited, a group headed by Toronto media scion Doug Bassett.

Later this month, when members of the community newspaper association gather in Edmonton for their annual convention, there will be plenty of talk about the paper shortages and technical problems that all papers, including the big dailies, are now facing. But, if preceding regional conferences are any indicator, the prevailing mood will be palpably enthusiastic. For, as Julian Walker of *The St. Croix Courier* says, "It's a terrific time for weeklies. There's a tremendous feeling of pride in what we're doing."

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The right to rediscover roots

By Mark Budgen

When deepsea diver Jim Kelly pursues his hazardous job in the North Sea and Arctic oilfields, his life depends on the air line extending from the mother ship But for most of the past nine months, Kelly has been looking for another kind of life-support system—an awareness of who his natural parents are. Adopted shortly after his birth on Nov 30, 1952, at Vancouver General Hospital, Kelly is convinced that many of his subsequent difficulties—an unhappy childhood, marriage breakdown, a lack of self-perception—stem from the fact that his real past is concealed in a government vault in Victoria. "It angers me that any number of bureaucrats can see my adoption record, but not me," he says So intent is Kelly on his search for his roots that he has given up months of lucrative employment to find them and launched a precedent-setting suit against the B C government, a case that he lost early in July

Cornelia Williams is searching, too—for the daughter she gave up for adoption shortly after her birth in Vancouver on July 4, 1950 The umbilical cord may have been severed but not the loving affection and natural concern for her daughter "I gave up my child because I could not look after her, but I've never forgotten her," says Williams, whose husband and other children strongly support her in her search "I thought that she should have a family since I was unmarried then I've been looking since she was 21 Before, I would not have had the right"

Both Kelly and Williams are victims of provincial adoption policies which are coming under increasing nationwide criticism—so much so that, despite the B C setback, provinces are beginning to pass laws that may go a long way toward facilitating reunions Traditionally, children are adopted under conditions of total confidentiality guaranteed by a legal agreement The natural parents relinquish all their rights and the adopting parents accept the child "as if born to them," to quote the quaint legalese often used in the various provincial adoption acts "How can a child be 'as if born?'" asks Joan Vanstone, herself an adoptee and national director of the adoptee activist organization, Parent Finders, with headquarters in Vancouver. "That's writing fantasy into law and is the source of all our problems. We have a right like anyone else to know who our natural parents are, to see where our physical characteristics come from, as well as our talents and quirks As adults, we are bound by contracts which we were not parties to It's meant a lot of devastation for adoptees"



COLIN PRIFF



PAUL LITTLE



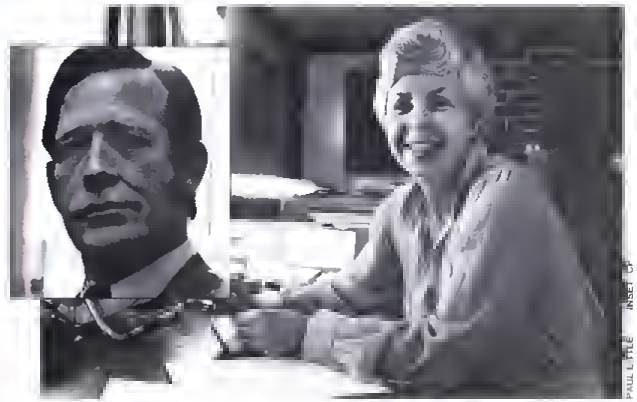
COLIN PRIFF

Brown with reunited family (above), and with mother by birth, Maria Evans (right), Kelly (below). 'a lot of devastation'

Parent Finders was started six years ago by Vanstone and others to help adoptees find their birth relatives and to pressure provincial governments into changing their adoption laws With 12,000 members nationwide, including 3,000 birth parents like Cornelia Williams, Parent Finders may only represent a small percentage of the estimated 500,000 adoptees in Canada, but its numbers are increasing daily, says Vanstone, as more adoptees realize the possibility of being able to discover their roots Vanstone estimates that Parent Finders has brought about almost 1,000 reunions in the past five years

The reasons given by searching adoptees repeat the same theme—"to fill a void," "to find out where I came from," "to have a past." That their right to do so has been denied to them for so long is an affront to natural justice, they say That some persevere for decades speaks of the intensity of their desire for roots despite the law that, they believe, assumes these emotions do not exist Says Nova Scotian nurseryman Ed Bronell "I had an excellent upbringing by my adopted parents but I just wanted to know who I was I spent three years and $3,500 finding out. In fact, I know more about my birth than most, since I've been in the room where I was born and met the doctor and nurse who attended my birth" For Susan Brown, married with four children, the search was imperative for medical reasons, and in February this year she found her birth mother living close to her in New Westminster, B C "It was the first time that I knew I had grandparents, who are actually younger than my adopted parents"

In a painfully slow procession, some provinces have begun to allow for the reunion of adoptees and their birth parents by establishing registries where both parties can deposit letters indicating their desire to meet All provide non-identifying information about the biological parents (color of eyes and hair, occupation, town of residence, etc) but that only serves "to whet the appetite," as Jim Kelly puts it. For five years Saskatchewan has operated a "passive registry" that facilitates reunions when both parties agree Ontario has had a similar system for the past year but demands that the adoptee, although an adult, must have the consent of his or her adoptive parents—a situation termed "ludicrous" by one adoptive mother Manitoba, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Quebec have



PAUL LITTLE

Hickay (inset); Vanstone: fantasy as law

legislation, in various stages of completion, providing for registries In Alberta, an adult adoptee may receive a copy of the adoption order which, if made prior to 1966, will have the birth name on it—"virtually essential for a successful search," says Vanstone In Newfoundland, which has a registry, the minister of social services, Tom Hickey, candidly told *Maclean's* "If I put myself in an adoptee's position, I wouldn't want anyone preventing me from finding my true parents We've helped some find their birth mothers on an individual basis" Only British Columbia is maintaining the practice of strict confidentiality

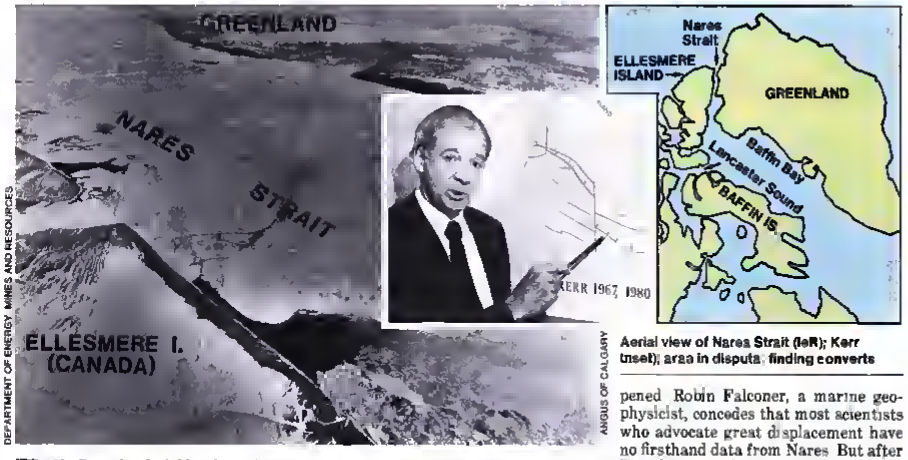
In B C, where almost any controversial issue can become a battlefield, adoptive parents, concerned for the well-being of their families, successfully lobbied against the establishment of a registry in 1974 Those parents saw reunions as a threat to the stability of their adopted families and as breaches of the legal contract they entered into when adopting But contrary to these fears, the experience of most adoptees who have found their birth parents is that they feel even closer to their adopted parents "As far as I'm concerned," says Susan Brown, "my adopted parents are my parents"

Reuben Pannor, coauthor of *The Adoption Triangle* and director of the Vista Del Mar Child Care Service, a Los Angeles facility for disturbed children, draws on 25 years of experience with adoptions when he says: "Most adopting parents are infertile, and when they adopt they are trying to make up for this inability to conceive Consequently, they become very attached to the adoptees and perceive the birth parents as a very real threat This leads to all kinds of anxieties which the child begins to perceive and, in adolescence particularly, leads to family strife where the fact of adoption is used by all concerned as a weapon; the parents hint at the immorality of the birth parents and the child fantasizes that his real mother is better than his adopted mother" It is not surprising, then, that many adoptive parents are unable to cope with the stress in their families and put their children into the care of the state Pannor estimates 30 per cent of the children in foster homes and juvenile detention facilities in California are from adopted families In Toronto, five per cent of children going to juvenile court are adopted, although adoptees represent about 1.5 per cent of the population.

The answer, according to Pannor and other experts, is more openness in the adoption process Says Pannor: "The plain and simple fact is that adoption is not the same as having your own child It is a mistake that adopting parents and social agencies have been making for years" Adds Margaret Edgar, a 35-year social work veteran in Montreal who adopted six children and now lives in Vancouver "Commonly an adopted child will say, 'You're not my mother, you can't tell me what to do' Adopting parents are out there on a limb—they need to know that birth parents are not a threat" Open adoption means not only more information given to the adoptee, including the parents' names, but goes even further in allowing contact between the three parties concerned during childhood Open registries have operated in Scotland for 50 years and in England and Wales for five without, according to Edgar, "any major problem"

For Jim Kelly and Cornelia Williams openness remains a faraway dream Kelly is still looking for the genealogical equivalent to his diver's lifeline while finding himself adrift in a tide of bureaucratic and legal red tape Williams is searching so that she may again share life experiences with the daughter she relinquished 30 years ago However, while Williams, having signed a legal contract, has no recourse to the law, Kelly has appealed his case He still hopes, he says, that the system will eventually start to work for, instead of against, him and thousands of other adoptees who want to know their origins.

In pursuit of strait answers



DEPARTMENT OF ENERGY, MINES AND RESOURCES

ANGUS OF CALGARY

Aerial view of Nares Strait (left); Kerr (inset); area in dispute, finding converts

Did Greenland drift along Nares Strait after it broke away from Canada 75 million years ago? Although it's not a question that keeps many Canadians awake at night, geologists have debated it for decades in search of clues to the earth's formation, and it was no surprise at a recent Halifax symposium that geologists showed up from around the world armed for even further debate. However, this time there was another set of interested onlookers: international oil experts. For them the question of Greenland's wanderings is no longer of only academic interest. It could be a clue to unlock potentially vast hydrocarbon reserves beneath Baffin Bay and Lancaster Sound.

The symposium was the brainchild of Calgary geologist William Kerr of the Geological Survey of Canada, who began working 19 years ago on Ellesmere Island on the Canadian side of Nares Strait. The major protagonist in the debate, Kerr has argued since 1967 that Greenland drifted only slightly, probably no more than 25 km. His theory is a major challenge, not only to conventional wisdom which puts the drift at 250 km, but also to traditional theories about how the earth was formed. Until the symposium, no one had been willing to believe him.

German meteorologist Alfred Wegener was the first to draw attention to the Nares Strait area in 1922, when he developed his now-famous theory of continental drift. Wegener maintained that Greenland broke away from Canada millions of years ago in a great "strike-slip fault" movement (the fault formed Nares Strait) and shifted 350 km north. He based his figures on fitting coastline shapes back together.

But Wegener was also a heretic in his day, and the theory was buried, only to re-emerge in the '60s under another name, plate tectonics. Popularized by Canadian geologist J. Tuzo Wilson, plate tectonics argued that the outer layer of the earth is a rigid sphere made up of plates, and that it's the plates (which are larger than continents) rather than continents that have shifted relative to each other. Wilson estimated the Greenland drift was closer to 250 km.

In a graphic document published in 1967 Kerr disputed that, saying that Greenland couldn't have shifted more than 25 km. He based his evidence on geological features on Ellesmere Island that could be traced directly across the Strait and matched with features on the Greenland side. The symposium demonstrated that Kerr now has allies. Danish geologists who have been working on the Greenland side also came armed with data to refute great displacement, though none was prepared to be as precise as Kerr.

The debate is essentially between land geologists, such as Kerr and the Danes who have worked in the area, and marine geophysicists who use plate tectonics theories and data from elsewhere to say what they think *should* have happened. Robin Falconer, a marine geophysicist, concedes that most scientists who advocate great displacement have no firsthand data from Nares. But after listening to evidence, most of which supported minimal displacement, Falconer remained unconvinced.

The problem on an academic level is this: conventional plate tectonics theory says that Labrador Sea and Baffin Bay are oceanic basins formed when two plates pulled apart. Reconstructing the area by moving Greenland 250 km back along the Strait closes both bodies of water. But if Greenland has not moved along Nares Strait, or has moved very little, as Kerr suggests, then plate tectonics is faced with a problem: what are the origins of Baffin Bay and Labrador Sea?

Practically, the answer is important because how the two bodies of water were formed will determine the age and type of sediments to be found in them. These, in turn, will have major implications for the probability of finding oil and gas. Says Kerr: "No matter who's right or wrong, it won't change the amount of oil that's there, but we might find it with less difficulty. We'll have a better idea where to look."

Petro-Canada has been collecting seismic data in northern Baffin Bay for the past two summers and will likely be the first operator in the area. Petrocan geophysicist John Peirce was convinced by the new data on Nares Strait, though he doubts it will spur any immediate activity in the area. "A lot of questions remain about the big picture." However, he adds, the new data will nevertheless be synthesized into a geological model for exploration. **Sue Calhoun**

What makes science scientific?

THE SEARCH FOR SOLUTIONS
by Horace Freeland Judson
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $19.95)

Popularizers of science too often take as their mandate making science more popular. In a society that has begun to lose its faith that scientific progress inevitably brings social progress, a tradition of humanist popularizations has grown up. Science writers like Carl Sagan and Jacob Bronowski say, is an expression of man's noble nature, his relentless drive to know. Horace Freeland Judson's previous book, *The Eighth Day of Creation*, broke ranks with this tweedy line of sages. Sparing no details, he brought the reader through the years of research around the globe that finally revealed some of how, at the molecular level, organisms are constructed from their genes. In that book he stayed away from generalizations (the coin of the

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION
1 **Joshua Then and Now, *Richler* (1)**
2 **The Gauna Identity, *Ludlum* (2)**
3 **Random Winds, *Plain* (4)**
4 **Soto, *Higgins* (3)**
5 **Rage of Angels, *Sheldon* (6)**
6 **Smiley's People, *Le Carré* (6)**
7 **The Girl in a Swing, *Adams* (7)**
8 **The Bleeding Heart, *French* (6)**
9 **No Love Lost, *Van Slyke* (10)**
10 **Sins of the Fathers, *Howatch***

NONFICTION
1 **The Third Wave, *Toffler* (1)**
2 **How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation (revised edition), *Shulman* (5)**
3 **The Real War, *Nixon* (2)**
4 **Thy Neighbor's Wife, *Talese* (3)**
5 **Confessions, *Amiel* (4)**
6 **Will, *Liddy* (7)**
7 **How You Can Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate, *Lowry***
8 **Ways of Escape, *Greene* (6)**
9 **Jim Fixx's Second Book of Running, *Fixx* (9)**
10 **Free to Choose, *Friedman* (10)**

(1) Position last week



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realm of the humanists) and with superb style lst us see how science really works It is a book as rewarding as it is difficult.

Now Judson has come out with a book that is as inviting to the uninformed reader as his previous one was daunting. Remarkably, he has produced a popularization (also running as a series on the American PBS network) that deals in neither detail nor grand overview. He manages this in a simple but effective way: *The Search for Solutions* is really about philosophy of science, not science itself And it is a rousing success, for the lay public is not interested in science as the scientist confronts it daily (if it were, it would read textbooks) so much as in the meaning of science—what makes science scientific

For example, Judson begins his chapter on evidence with Sir Arthur Eddington's remark that "It is a good rule not to put too much confidence in the observational results that are put forward until they are confirmed by theory." This sounds backwards, for surely scientific theories are built out of observed results To make his point, Judson examines a 1976 robbery trial based on eyewitness testimony, testimony we can now see was unconvincing even though—or *because*—it was firsthand He then gives examples from the history of science to show that a fact only becomes "hard" when it is incorporated into a theory "A rogue observation, if it attains respectability at all, must wait for a context of theoretical ideas and of other observations that can convert it from anomaly to natural consequence—from *that can't be!* to *of course that follows!*"

This will not startle those already familiar with philosophy of science—Thomas Kuhn's seminal *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* made the same point in greater detail—but Judson has a mastery of style which, along with that of Lewis Thomas (*The Lives of a Cell, The Medusa and the Snail*), is making popular science into an important literary genre. In addition, there are occasional nods to the humanists ("At the beginning is curiosity the joy of figuring it out, that is The birthright of every child") and frequent entertaining displays of Mr Wizardry (in a few pages he explains how the shape of intestines, Turkish towels, the ferocity of shrews, medieval armor and river deltas all exhibit the same basic principle). The book is delightful, at times challenging, and does not leave us unbearably smug about being part of a species wise enough to contain creatures as selfless and pure as scientists The result is a work that will make science more popular, but only by making it better understood.

David Weinberger

Theatre

Memory as a loaded gun

BOSOMS AND NEGLECT
by John Guare
Directed by Mal Shapiro

Bosoms and Neglect tells more about Americas today than last Sunday's *New York Times* and a year of *Dallas* It closed on Broadway after three nights but now it has hit the big time in Stratford, giving the festival a needed shot in the arm that threatens to go for the jugular instead.

The plot is pure black comedy out of Grand Guignol Eighty-three years old and blind, Henny (Kate Reid) has been hiding breast cancer behind Kotex pads and ministering to it with a plastic statue of St. Jude (patron saint of lost causes) She literally reveals the disease to her introverted computer-analyst son, Scooper (Ray Jewers), sending him into a tailspin of guilt because she has kept it a secret for two years Scooper, the embodiment of frazzle, hospitalises Henny and promptly picks up Deirdre (Patricia Collins), a fellow psychoanalytic patient and book freak dressed in black mourning for her dog



NATHAN M. ZASSMAN

Jewers, Reid: Beethoven of the couch

Deirdre and Scooper may act like weirdos but they speak volumes, both comic and tragic, about the modern psyche Rarely has the inability of two solitudes to touch been presented so touchingly as in the stylized antiphonal liturgy of their near-seduction John Guare understands perfectly the painful egotism of selfishness, the fear that once the soul is stripped bare it will be judged "not complicated enough," the hubris that accompanies the total abdication of will and responsibility (Boasts Deirdre, "What Beethoven is to the sonata I am to the couch.") The scene, which takes up the entire first act, is daringly conceived, after a shaky start the actors finish strong, despite a text that is often too archly literate and psychoanalytically esoteric

In the rich tradition of American playwriting from Arthur Miller to Sam Shepard that employs past traumas revealed as the generative matrix for action, Guare hands the combatants in this erotic duel loaded memories and lets them go to it. All ends in violence, of course, and both wind up in the same hospital as Henny, who responds to Scooper's incessant demands for sentimental truths with salacious one-liners frothing with a vitality fated to elude him forever Eventually Scooper and Deirdre hobble off to retrieve their mutual shrink/father/God, and Henny spills her own dark secret into his empty wheelchair But unlike the play's other revelations, this final speech, Reid's superb rendering notwithstanding, remains strangely unsatisfying although it unravels a mystery that has teased the brain, isolated from any dramatic context it leaves the heart in bondage, untouched

Phillip Silver's sets, especially the claustrophobic muted fawns of Deirdre's book-lined apartment, drift in solitary confinement within the Avon theatre proscenium, reinforcing the play's disembodied tensions Mel Shapiro's direction is insightful, but the real stars are Guare's text and Reid's truly definitive performance, as raw and mesmerizing as an open wound Who knows, some day even Broadway might be ready to take another look.

Mark Czarnecki

Music

Some sympathy for the symphonies



NATHAN M. ZASSMAN

Winnipeg Symphony with conductor Gamba (inset) most overwhelmed with sour notes

By Merilyn Read

For Jan Kočman, principal flutist with the Winnipeg Symphony, March 21 was just another payday The 29-year-old musician had written $445 in cheques for African art, a figure his paycheque would easily cover But his pay wasn't there after morning rehearsal, nor in the afternoon as promised, nor after the evening performance Instead, the 67 full-time musicians were told that their cheques would not arrive until later that week "I felt I had been lied to," says Kočman, who persuaded the stora to wait for his money For the Winnipeg Symphony the time to face the music had arrived.

Faced with a deficit of $715,000, quarrelling management and a board of directors split on most matters, the symphony, which only a year earlier had received a rare standing ovation at Carnegie Hall, found itself, like most professional orchestras in Canada, overwhelmed with sour notes After a "cordial" but uneventful trip to the Toronto-Dominion Bank, the frustrated 51-member board appealed to the province for help early in July, then disbanded Since then an interim committee of six provincially appointed trustees, all high-profile business people, has been plucking away at every discord of the ailing symphony in an attempt to get it back in tune "It's the only way we'll get our symphony on a sound financial basis," says Norma Price, Manitoba's gutsy minister of cultural affairs and historical resources, who feels that "Bach and Beethoven should be marketed as if they were toothpaste."

In programming, the Winnipeg Symphony has already gone the route of Crest, playing shopping malls and rock concerts and even presenting country-and-western evenings Still, broad appeal is no guarantee against further deficits The chronic lack of cash—due to payments withheld by the city, grants withheld by the Manitoba Arts Council and unsuccessful fund drives—has brought this orchestra to its knees To make matters worse, while the orchestra was striking an all-time low, Piero Gamba, its conductor since 1972 as well as its administrative artistic director, was guest-conducting in Australia and South America.

Yet poor management, rising costs and decreasing government support are not peculiar to the Winnipeg Symphony. It's the bitter score that all of Canada's 16 major orchestras are facing Franz Kraemer, head of the music division of the Canada Council, says he received at least 12 telephone calls from organizations saying they couldn't pay their musicians last winter. Still, a sizable $5 million is allocated to orchestra activity. "There is a limit to what can be done," says Kraemer, who feels that prudence is the key to survival in the '80s. In fact, as of June, 1981, the council will no longer give operating grants to orchestras whose deficits amount to 30 per cent or more of their total budgets. Kraemer is optimistic that all 16 orchestras funded by the council will survive, and since poor management seems to be a common pitfall, the Canada Council is initiating a pilot project this fall to train future orchestra managers

"The difficulties started for the major orchestras in Canada 10 years ago," says Michael Allerton, Vancouver Symphony's manager, who blames the overnight boom in the arts industry in Canada, a boom that happened too suddenly for government subsidies to keep up, quite simply, the Canada Council budget has not increased on par. "The Vancouver Symphony used to get 26 per cent of its total budget from the Canada Council, now it's down to 13 per cent," says Allerton. With more subscribers than any other orchestra in the world (over 40,000), it is now running with a deficit of more than $30,000.

The other two of Canada's big three aren't faring too well either. The Montreal Symphony is projecting a deficit this year of $715,000, and the Toronto Symphony, "one of the best-managed orchestras in the country," according to Hamish Robertson, the music officer in charge of finance at the Canada Council, crossed the line this year from black to red and is now fearing a deficit of $200,000 next year. Further down the scale, smaller orchestras are madly campaigning to survive. the London Symphony, although still seeing red to the tune of $380,000, decreased its deficit by almost $70,000 with record fairs and benefits, the Atlantic Symphony, after a major drive, is now one of the financially healthier ensembles with a deficit of only $50,000

In the end, the most telling fact is that, while every major symphony is in the financial pits, the nonprofessional orchestra community, without the headaches of high musicians' salaries, management fees and rental costs, is still hitting the high notes the Okanagan Symphony announced a surplus of $13,723 in May and the Sudbury Symphony Orchestra was a sure hit with its "Beethoven and Beans" luncheons. With government funding now at a standstill, hardheaded management and brilliant funding campaigns are the only hope for the professional orchestras As Kraemer says, "It has now come down to the survival of the fittest."

Column

This gadding about just upsets the constitution



By Allan Fotheringham

The nest of jabbing microphones and tape recorders envelops the lopsided, quizzical face of Jean Chrétien like a swarm of angry bees as he tries to make it across the carpeted splendor of the plush Hyatt Regency in Vancouver. The motley mob of scribes, searching for a smidgen of information, their electronic lives depending on coming back with that precious 30-second clip, press Canada's good-humored justice minister for just a tiny favor of obfuscation, just one more dollop of bafflegab. As Chrétien, Mr Trudeau's outrider on the road to the constitutional Valhalla, ends three weeks of ambulatory make-believe of national crisis, the bored and long-suffering reporters covering this geographic gallop have long since given up any hope of finding information they can rely upon. What they want, what they need, is *fill, fodder*, verbal sawdust to satisfy their employers.



ROY PETERSON

There has seldom been a spectacle so ludicrous in concept, so hilarious in its audacity, as this showpiece of democracy on the way to the prime minister's self-imposed deadline of a September conclusion to his quest for the Holy Grail of constitutional miracles. Chrétien, who is impossible to hate and as resilient as a BOLO bat, has been the good shepherd trooping the attorneys-general of the provinces across the country, attempting to demonstrate by such a sea-to-sea trek that Ottawa really *cares*—but then, in each city, meeting in secret! *Beautiful!* Could anything illustrate better the essential Liberal scam illusion over reality, bullshit baffles brains, bluff surpasses all? Smoke and mirrors, the key to modern politics.

Here we are, one week in jaded Montreal, one week in bumptious Toronto, one week in uncaring, oblivious, lovely Vancouver, lusting for the headlines and the TV snippets that will convince the unwashed that their masters want their interest—but then meeting behind closed doors for days of endless days of poker-dealings. They could do it all on a barge in the Rideau Canal for all it matters. The principals admit that. This is flackery, fluffery, puffery and piffle. The populations of Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver could no more affect this process than Chrétien could curb his cowlick.

In the Meridien in Montreal, where you need two separate elevators and a Sherpa guide to find your way from your room to the lobby, it is clear the feds have chosen the site in deference to the Parti Québécois' desire to shift the locus of the city toward the francophone east end and away from gout-ridden Westmount. In Toronto, these hardy pioneers, these sons-in-law of Confederation, are bunked in the concrete fortress of the Harbour Castle Hilton, an expense-account monastery where all the Hollywood luminaries hide out. There is a tremendous flap when it is discovered Chrétien's co-chairman, the suave socialist Roy Romanow, who is Saskatchewan's attorney-general and Allan Blakeney's impatient heir, has been given a suite (as host of the talks) that would accommodate the Argonauts when they go into a Statue of Liberty double-reverse. Whither the Regina Manifesto? What would Tommy Douglas with his yogurt and peanut butter think of this?

Such is the consternation, the embarrassment that a social democrat from the farm should not be seen nibbling pâté or getting his shoes shined, that when the travelling road show hits the sybaritic confines of the Hyatt Regency these makers of our future accept the offer to conduct their secrecy in the modest acreage of the suite occupied by New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield, the only premier included in this preliminary gallop through our tolerance. These are indeed, as Dr. Edward McWhinney puts it, "timid men with vested interests in the status quo" instructed to remake a country. McWhinney, the Simon Fraser University constitution freak who has been an adviser to Quebec governments among his rambles about the globe, points out correctly that these secret conclaves—junketed from city to city with all the élan of the moving of a space station—involve all the tired players who baryain and joust and trade beads at the endless federal-provincial conferences.

He's right. Among the intellectual camp-followers and lofty Ottawa spear-carriers, one spots the same faces who have bored a thousand clips. Claude Morin, whose stern advice moved Robert Bourassa to scuttle the Victoria Conference nine years ago, puffs his pipe and observes with suspended superiority. Claude Charron, Lévesque's diminutive minister of youth and sport, simmers in corridor hostility at the amiable Chrétien—two Québécois with opposing visions of the universe. B.C.'s Garde Gardom, with fraternity-boy bonhomie, jokes and clowns with scribes for fear they might ask a question. The Maritimes men wear white shoes.

Chrétien, with his Jean-Paul Belmondo charm, growls, "Romanow is my fullback." The timid men are swallowed by the affluent Japanese tourists in the lobby. Vancouver's leading TV station, on reflection, leads with a beer strike rather than the constitutional crisis. This is a movable farce. There is no way the Trudeau Sept. 8 Armageddon will be achieved. The wheels have gone flat on this road show.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the FP News Service.

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